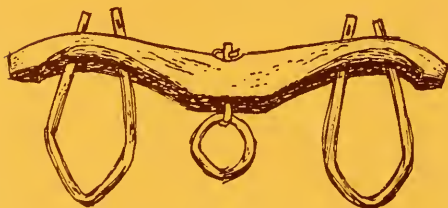


*Lincoln
and
Historic
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1823



Louis L. Emmerson

GOVERNOR.

This booklet has been compiled from a series of articles written exclusively for The Chicago Evening American by Justin H. Forrest, distinguished member of its staff. Through the courtesy of Mr. Forrest and The Chicago Evening American, the Department of Public Works and Buildings is enabled to reprint them in this form.

LINCOLN AND HISTORIC ILLINOIS

ILLINOIS—land of romance and history—the state that gave to the world Abraham Lincoln, about whom more books have been written than even Napoleon, it is said.

Illinois, the state of scenic beauties, wonderfully fecund acres, and of hard roads unsurpassed in the world.

What do you know of your state, Illinoisians?

What have you seen of its thousands of miles of country that is beautiful, as well as these thousands of acres that are productive? Do you know there are sections of the state as rugged as mountain country, where beautiful water falls please the eye and their music, from tinkles to roars, goes on today as it did long before the white man came. All along the river country, along the Mississippi, that early highway of Indians and pioneers, to the Ohio, and up the Ohio, is country, the eastern outposts of the Ozark mountains, that pleases the eye of even the most seasoned traveler and it may be traversed in autos over roads that are finer than city boulevards—along almost ten thousand miles of concrete pavement.

It is country that has belonged successively to the Indians, the French, the British, to the state of Virginia and some sections were claimed even by other of the original thirteen states, on the ground that their seaboard charters extended west to the Pacific.

What romance as that of the French voyageurs, paddling in frail canoes, through the Great Lakes, down the Chicago to the Illinois, and thence to the Gulf of Mexico?

What history like that of Lincoln, to whose tomb and home in Springfield every year come hundreds of thousands of visitors? And they are not only from the United States, but from almost every country in the world. And they include potentates whose ancestors opposed Lincoln's theory that the people should rule, as well as students, historians and military leaders.

No tour of Illinois can be made without constantly touching upon the life of Lincoln. In the central part of the state he lived, from his 21st year until he went to Washington. There he rode circuit. In the southern part of the state he campaigned. In the northwest, he was in the Black Hawk war, and in Chicago he was nominated for the presidency.

And over many of the routes the auto tourist takes, Lincoln has traveled on foot or horseback—he walked home to New Salem from the Black Hawk war, where one of his fellow soldiers was Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, who afterward became president of the Confederacy.

For ages, the Appian Way—*Appia Via*—has been synonymous with Rome. Yet that six foot brick roadway, a wonderful job of road building in 312 B. C. was between 334 and 380 miles long. There was a stretch of 132 miles from Rome to Capua—the first that Appius Claudius built. That is sixty-five miles shorter than the most direct route from Chicago to Springfield, on forty foot and twenty foot “slab”—that is what they call it in Egypt—almost as the crow flies. The state total at the end of last year (1930) was 7,704 miles, with promise of approximately 1,000 miles more this summer.

En Tour

Let us tour Illinois, enjoy wonderful scenery, outdoor life and life of Lincoln as we go.

New Salem, quaint old deserted village, now a beautiful state park, and Springfield, usually come to mind in thoughts of Abraham Lincoln, but to get the whole Lincoln story one must begin at Decatur.

For it was in Macon county, of which Decatur, on the Sangamon, the river that figured so much in the life of Lincoln, is the county seat, that Tom Lincoln brought his family, including the gangling Abe who was to become 21 years old that spring, of 1830.

Later, on his way to the Bloomington convention of the newly formed Republican party, Lincoln pointed out exactly where the family spent the night in camp in a tract which is now the city square in Decatur.

There are many ways to motor to Decatur, all of them over ribbon like bands of concrete that on week days might be termed “the motorists’ dream of paradise.” One way is out of Chicago on Western-av, to pick up No. 1, the Dixie highway that continues almost straight south to the Ohio river at Metropolis. One may go direct to Danville, turn west on No. 10 to and go through Urbana, Monticello and Bement, on the same road, with its long swing to the south, directly into Decatur, almost 200 miles.

Or one may go out Ogden-av., pick up No. 4 just this side of Lyons, and then go on through Joliet, and Dwight, to Bloomington. At Bloomington, continue right through town south on No. 2, and there you are in Decatur, where later Lincoln practiced law, and where in the city’s beautiful park, is a cenotaph to mark the spot where the Grand Army of the Republic was born in 1866.

And east of the town but a short drive, where once the Sangamon raged in the Spring and loafed along in summer, is a beautiful lake. Dammed to make a permanent supply for the city, it has become a beauty spot, stocked with fish that invite the touring motorist, who may find excellent hotel service in town, or an auto camp.

Nancy Hanks, mother of Abraham Lincoln, had died 13 years before Lincoln came to Decatur, and his father, a year later, in 1819, a year after Illinois became a state, had married Sarah Bush Johnston—first paying the Elizabethtown, Ky., merchants the bills that her



LINCOLN'S LOG CABIN IN COLES COUNTY
(Copyright by Abraham Lincoln Log Cabin Association,
Loaned by Mrs. Eleanor Gridley.)

husband Dan had left, before taking her to Pigeon Creek, near Gentryville, in Spencer county, Indiana.

John Hanks had preceded the Lincolns into Macon county, and after that mid-March night in the public square, Tom Lincoln and his caravan went four and a half miles northwest to Hanks' home. Later the Lincolns moved to Coles county.

Lincoln, The Hired Hand

Lincoln was born Feb. 12, 1809, and, coming of age, was expected and wanted to strike out for himself. He helped the family build a home, and then "hired out." He spent that summer in and around Decatur, and there had one of his early love affairs.

But also, he demonstrated that he was a "deep waterways" advocate. In August, the elections were on, and Lincoln, so old timers told, startled the crowd that had gathered to hear a Mr. Posey, a candidate, speak, when he gave them some figures and advice on making the Sangamon river navigable. He had had a few months—in five different periods—in school, and knew a little law. And in 1828, he had been hired by James Gentry, in Indiana, at \$8 a month, to take a flatboat trip to New Orleans and a year later had had a love affair with Caroline Meeker, niece of Judge Samuel Pate, of Kentucky, after a law suit over his right to ferry a passenger to a steamer in mid-stream. So he knew something about waterways, and the Sangamon was to figure largely in his life. That summer he met "Polly" Warnick, daughter of Maj. William Warnick, the sheriff, after splitting 1,000 rails for her father.

Tradition tells of the rails, but it also indicates that Lincoln did not care so much for hard work, and probably split few of these rails. "Polly" married Joseph Stevens from the home on the South bank of the Sangamon, eight miles from town—the oldest house continuously used as a home in that section of the country. It is a century and a quarter old now.

Lincoln kept on working for farmers, and in the winter, paddling across the river, fell in, froze his feet, and was nursed back to health by Mrs. Warnick. The sheriff had a copy of the Illinois statutes, and Lincoln, during the four weeks he was laid up, read them. About this time he met Denton Offutt, a type of pioneer promoter-speculator who still exists in newly opened territories. He took salted meats, furs and other such goods to New Orleans, got the cash, and then stocked a store in a new town.

Offutt heard of Lincoln's river work for Gentry in Indiana, and offered Abe and John Hanks, another experienced boatman, 50 cents a day to take a boat to New Orleans in the spring. Lincoln and Hanks accepted and that spring went down the Sangamon. When he returned to Decatur it was as a well known lawyer, riding the circuit, and to practice in the log court house which still stands in the city park.

The Trip to New Orleans

The spring of 1831 was wet, snowy and cold. Roads through the gumbo were impassable. From its origin up near Gibson City, the Sangamon river flows through Decatur—man has made it a lake 14 miles long in Decatur now. It turns west and south and lazily curves through the fat acres of mid-Illinois until it nears Springfield, where it runs north again, passing north of the town of Springfield.

So, in a canoe, along the turbid waters of the swollen river, Lincoln and Hanks made their way to Springfield, to find their employer. They found him making merry with his winter's profits, with convivial companions at the Globe tavern in Springfield.

Now capital of the state, it was a struggling agricultural community then. Later Lincoln was to live there 25 years, and establish a shrine that attracts more than 100,000 people a year. There he had his first property, even yet a fine home, and there he is buried in a cemetery where, in spring, giant trees cover the nearby world with shade and solitude.

We will have to come back to Springfield on this tour, but now Lincoln is on his way to New Orleans, albeit a bit slowly. Offutt had no boats ready. But Lincoln and Hanks knew how to build boats, and they went to "Sangamontown," five miles north of Springfield, and built a big flatboat. By the time the roads were passable to haul the cargo in wagons to the waiting boat, it was April. Central Illinois was aflame with wild blossoms, the air was sweet with the scent of crab apple bloom, the birds were singing and the foliage was as thick as it is in late May in Northern Illinois.

But the boat was loaded with its casks of salt pork, barrels of ~~hour~~ and corn meal from Begue's mill, and started on its way. Some 25 miles down stream, on a high bluff that sticks out like a bastion was ~~the~~ the new town of New Salem, which had been surveyed Oct. 3, 1829, by James Rutledge and John M. Cameron, his nephew, who had just come from South Carolina.

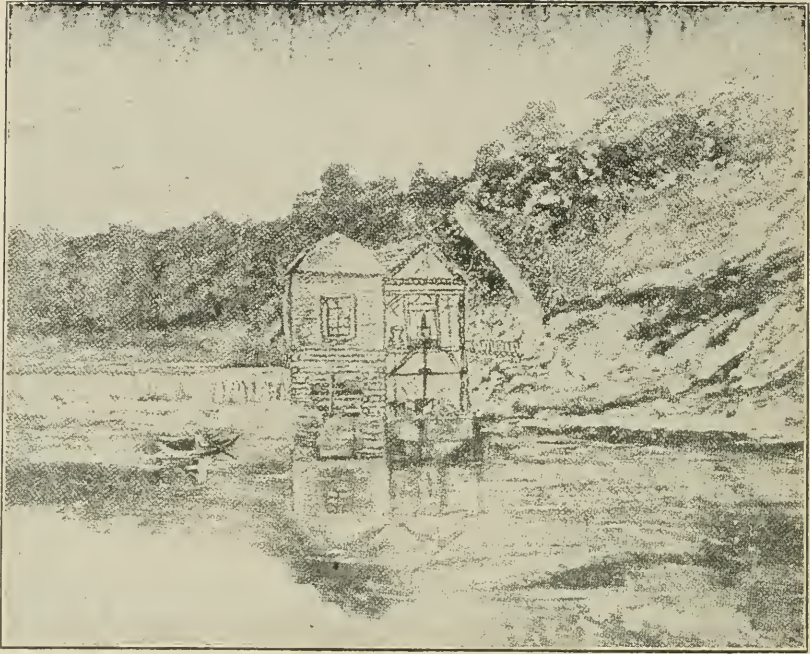
At the foot of the bastion, they had built a dam, and opened a ~~saw~~ mill and a flour mill, the captured waters of the Sangamon furnishing the power to turn the exquisitely carved burrs, which still may be seen at the State Park.

That dam was to have an important effect upon the life of Lincoln, for it is doubtful, if his boat had not struck there, that he ever would have returned. That's a good story about the boat.

But let us first lay the course to New Salem from Chicago.

New Salem

It is not a town now. It is a state park. William Randolph Hearst gave the money that made possible its purchase, and many of the buildings have been restored, so one may see how Lincoln lived.



THE OLD MILL AT OLD SALEM

This is the only picture in existence showing the actual surroundings and the original mill at Old Salem. The original mill combined a grist and saw mill. The open building is the saw mill and shows the "up and down" saw. In the closed room cornmeal and flour were made. The buildings were set on pillars of rock in pens. The bridge path came down the face of the bluff just south of the Offut store which was located on the top of the hill just back of the trees. It is said the boys, who usually were sent to mill horseback, with the grist, would meet there, tie their horses, heads upward along the side of the hill at an angle of 45 degrees and all go swimming while waiting for their cornmeal to be ground. The original mill burned and was replaced by another for making meal and flour alone and later this burned and was never replaced.

From Chicago, one may have a choice of routes to this shrine.

Out of Chicago, to No. 4 off Ogden-av., just east of Lyons, and into Joliet, and on to Chenoa on No. 4 is the most direct route. At Chenoa, turn west on No. 8 into E. Peoria through Mason City to 43A, which leaves No. 24 and turns west into Petersburg, the town that took the life away from New Salem.

Petersburg nestles in a valley into which one drives over a perfect concrete road, winding down from the level acres of corn and woodland into the valley of the Sangamon. Across a majestic bridge, the road leads through the tree shaded town and one gets a thrill at the thought that Lincoln himself surveyed it—after spending six weeks of intensive study to learn surveying. So hard did he work, he “was as haggard as a man who had been on debauch,” according to current stories. But he laid out the town while he was living in New Salem.

That spring day when his flatboat stuck on the Rutledge dam was a memorable one for him and the new town. For it was there he bored a hole in the bottom of his boat to let the water out.

When the gangling young man, with the fuzzy beard of a pioneer of 21, came ashore and asked for an auger, one may be sure he got a laugh from the hard-boiled Clary boys and others who had gathered to see the excitement that had resulted from the flat-boat being stuck on Jim Rutledge’s dam.

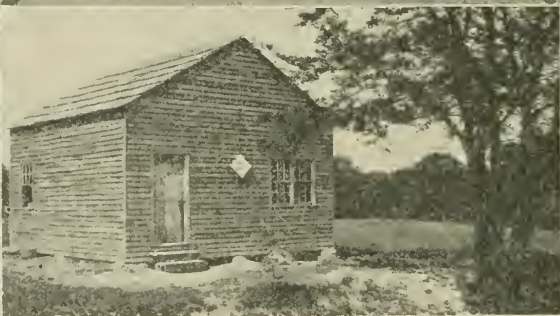
“What do you want with an auger,” queried one, probably one of the rough Clary boys.

“I want to bore a hole in the bottom of the boat and let the water out,” replied the stranger, and one may imagine the guffaws he got.

But he was directed to the cooperage shop of Henry Onstott, at the west end of town, and he got the auger. On the way back, with his knife (one wonders if Barlows were in existence then) he whittled a peg the size of the auger.

“Let’s get the cargo up front,” said Lincoln to his companions when he returned to the boat. He had removed part of it in the ferry and according to local tradition, was wading about, “with his pants rolled up about five feet.” What a picture of the man who, as president, was asked by the dandified Seward how long a man’s legs should be.

But his order was obeyed, and with the cargo moved ahead, the boat balanced on the dam, instead of going down by the stern. Then Lincoln bored a hole in the bottom of the front end. And the water in the boat dribbled into the stream that came over the lip of the dam. Another move of the cargo, the boat went over, and, again loaded, made its way to New Orleans, which was reached in May. Pretty good traveling for an original “waterways” booster. The laugh was on the boys who came out of Clary’s Grocery.



VIEWS IN OLD SALEM STATE PARK

The Rutledge Inn (at top); The Custodian's Residence and Museum; Restored Lincoln and Berry Store; View of Sangamon from New Salem Hill.

In the crowd that watched the performance that sunny spring afternoon undoubtedly was Ann Rutledge, "red-headed, high spirited but not especially good looking." She has come down to us as Lincoln's sweetheart, and from William H. Herndon, whose family kept store in New Salem, and who afterward was Lincoln's law partner in Springfield, we have the legend that Lincoln almost died of a broken heart when Ann died, and that he never loved Mary Todd, the girl he married. History and records do not bear out that legend.

But while we are here in New Salem, let us drive again through Petersburg, a mile away, and to the cemetery to which Ann Rutledge's body was moved long after her original burial.

Ann Rutledge's Grave

Atop a hill that is too stiff a grade to make in "high," we find the granite marker, its carved face toward the east and New Salem, with the legend:

"Out of me, unworthy and unknown
The vibrations of deathless music
'With malice toward none, with charity for all,'
Out of me, the forgiveness of millions toward millions,
And the beneficent face of a nation
Shining with justice and truth,
I am Ann Rutledge who sleep beneath these weeds,
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
Wedded to him, but not through union,
But through separation,
Bloom forever, O Republic,
From the dust of my bosom."

Edgar Lee Master wrote that—the author of the "Spoon River Anthology." Herndon first told the story. And here is what the Bulletin No. 9 of the Illinois Lincoln Centennial Association, of Dec. 1, 1927 says about the lecture which Herndon gave in Springfield Friday, Nov. 16, 1866, seven months after Lincoln's Assassination, speaking of those who attended the lecture:—

"They were present at the birth of one of the great myths of American history—the story of Ann Rutledge and Abraham Lincoln." And in his book, "Women Lincoln Loved," William H. Barton, after careful consideration, declares the whole Lincoln—Ann Rutledge story a myth.

When Abraham Lincoln and Dennis Hanks got their flat boat over the Rutledge mill dam in the Sangamon at New Salem in late April, 1831, and headed for New Orleans, Lincoln had no idea New Salem would become his home, where he would become known as "Honest Abe."

Here again it should be remarked that nowhere in recorded history does it appear that anybody ever called him "Abe." Herndon, his

law partner, always addressed him as "Mr. Lincoln" and a close trustworthy friend declared that "Nobody ever called him 'Abe' to his face. And nobody ever heard him discuss with anybody what was strictly private and personal to himself."

At St. Louis, Hanks left the party, and went to Coles county to seek out a new home for the Lincolns and the Hankses. In New Orleans, Denton Offutt disposed of his cargo, and Lincoln, wandering about the town, the largest city he had ever seen, and all eyes for what was going on, saw, among other sights, slaves being auctioned from the block. It was then, according to tradition, he remarked, "If I ever get a chance to hit that, I will hit it hard."

Lincoln, Offutt, and John D. Johnson, Lincoln's step-brother, came up river to St. Louis, landing there in mid-summer. Offutt had decided to open a store in New Salem, and Lincoln agreed to operate it, after visiting his family in their new Coles county home.

About Aug. 1, 1831, Lincoln arrived in New Salem, where he was to remain until March 15, 1837.

Offutt was slow in coming with his stock of goods. Lincoln boarded at the Rutledge Inn, there on the hill. Behind the inn is a pump supplying water from a well that is more than 100 years old. State chemical analyses show it wonderfully pure water. Have a drink from the same well that Lincoln used, as do thousands of visitors every year, after you have peeped in and wondered how such an "Inn" could accommodate enough patrons to prosper.

Out of Petersburg south, one travels a perfect cement road for less than two miles to the entrance of this State park. At twenty miles an hour, one may make the trip to the top of the bluff easily in "high."

Would we know Lincoln, we must drive up this well graveled hill to the bastion-like eminence.

What is this first building? The Clary "grocery." And here is the Offutt store, where Lincoln earned a reputation for honesty, because he walked 12 miles to rectify an error in weighing a pound of tea. Here he slept when his work was done, when he was not visiting the cooperage shop of Henry Onstott, where, by the light of the shavings in the fireplace, he read Shakespeare, Paine's "Age of Reason," and the volume of Blackstone he bought from a pioneer who was heading west. Here he matured into the man that had the fundamental foundations of humanity's history and emotions, which fitted him for the presidency.

The Clary Boys

Ah, those Clary boys were "hard" boys—not with guns, but with fists. But right here, by the Offutt store, when Lincoln wrestled and threw "Jack" Armstrong, over his head, after Armstrong had tried to trample his instep, and after Offutt had bet \$10 Lincoln could do it, they became Lincoln's friends and supporters.

This is the spot, right here by the cock-pit. Thrilling? Let us continue up Main street, past the Rutledge Inn, and the "Lincoln and Berry store," where Lincoln later went into business and got himself so deep into debt—about \$1100—that he didn't get out until after he was elected to congress.

Past the site of the postoffice, is the home of Sam Hill, from which Lincoln, later, as postmaster, carried letters to the town, the letters in the crown of his high hat. Beyond it is the home of Mentor Graham, the school teacher who gave to Lincoln much of the help that laid the foundation of his educational work. Lincoln walked six miles to borrow John Vance's English grammar—and his Gettysburg speech, a model of perfect English, was one of the results of that study.

They were rough and tumble citizens in New Salem in those days. They were pioneers. Lincoln's life was hard. His friends and neighbors had little time for educational niceties.

Yet Lincoln, after his experience with "Jack" Armstrong, became their referee. He did not swear or drink, as the "boys" did, but read books when he could. Heaving "Jack" Armstrong over his head had earned him the right to do those things he wanted to do. They had little money, and Lincoln, their easy-going storekeeper, went into debt. Yet he came out of the fire of those years as a Damascus blade comes from the armorer's tempering furnace.

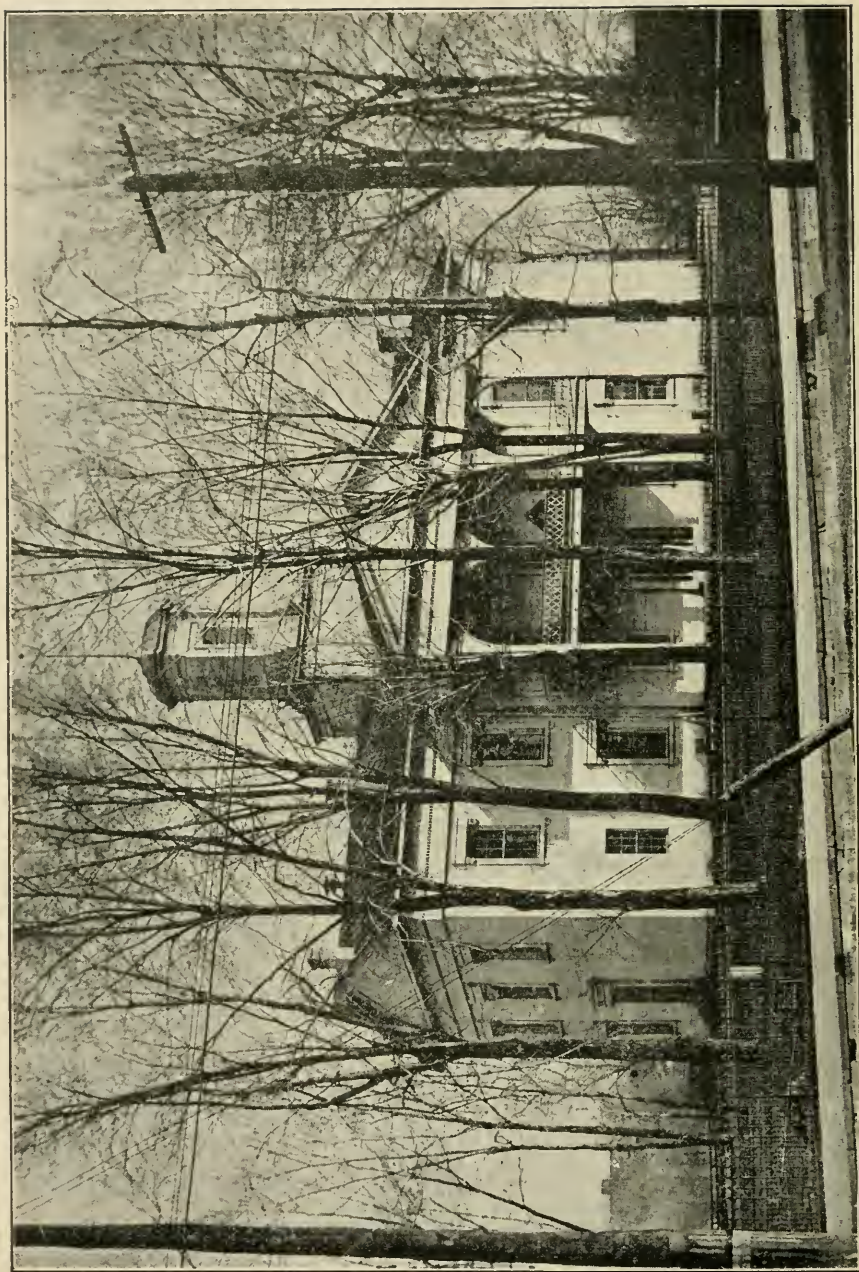
He was defeated when he first ran for the state assembly in 1832, but he won in 1834, and went away to Vandalia, the first state capitol, and became one of the "long nine"—that brotherhood of legislators whose height totalled more than fifty-four feet—and brought the capitol to Springfield, after Alton was willing to waive its rights in return for promises of railroads through the city, promises fulfilled which have made Alton a railroad center.

A Proposal

Up that hill, there to the north, Lincoln and Mary Owens, sister-in-law of Mrs. Bennett Able, and Mrs. Bowling Green, the latter "toting" her heavy baby boy, toiled from an afternoon picnic on a hot summer afternoon.

Lincoln is so busy talking to Mary Owens about making the Sangamon river navigable, he ignores pointed hints of Mrs. Bowling Green about him carrying the heavy baby, that it cost him another sweetheart. Mary didn't like his lack of manners, yet he has written that his final proposal, which she turned down, was made as a matter of duty to fulfill a promise of Mrs. Able.

From New Salem Lincoln went away to the war against Black Hawk, after being elected captain of the Militia (The Clary boys helped). One may picture the excitement on that public square. The



THE FIRST STATE CAPITOL OF ILLINOIS—SOUTH EXPOSURE

campaign took him to Beardstown, Rock Island, Ottawa, Dixon, and Whitewater, Wis., from whence he had to walk as far as Peoria, after his horse had been stolen.

In that army was Lt. Jefferson Davis, who later became the president of the Confederacy which fired upon Fort Sumpter, and thus began the war that Lincoln finished—and paid for with his life.

On his way home, Lincoln met John T. Stuart, afterward his first law partner and they paddled a canoe from Peoria to Havana, and from there walked home, to New Salem, in 1832.

What Mt. Vernon was in the formative days of the nation, New Salem State Park is to the days of struggling for permanence. Do not miss it and do not try to see it all at once. There are tables for picnickers, five hotels in Petersburg and Springfield are excellent, and tourists camps are plentiful. With hard roads and a motorcar, think of Lincoln on bottomless roads and in a flat boat, and have some fun. It is a trip worth while.

Lincoln, The Legislator at Vandalia

In 1834, Abraham Lincoln was elected to the state legislature from New Salem. He had become so well known from his work in the grocery stores, and as postmaster in Sam Hill's home, that he had much support.

That meant that he had to go to the state capitol, at Vandalia. Today, it is a beautiful old town, on the Kaskaskia river—and do not forget that there was a time when Kaskaskia, the town on the banks of the Mississippi river, was the greatest town west of the Alleghenies, and was the first capitol of the territory.

We have no record of how Lincoln got from New Salem to Vandalia. Probably he rode horseback, by the way of Springfield and Pana, struggling through the mud that was the terror of travelers but which makes the soil that has made this section of the state one of the greatest agricultural sections of the world.

Today, you roll along on cement roads that could not be smoother, whether you go from New Salem, or directly from Chicago. Through lovely country, with the road winding and billowing through the fat acres, across the meandering creeks, and into the old capitol.

This was the biggest city Lincoln ever had lived in up to that time. He had been in New Orleans, and in St. Louis, on his boat trip, but Vandalia was the capitol of the state and when the sessions of the assembly were on, most of the prominent people of the state were there, milling about the old tavern on the main street as they do in the modern hotels of Springfield now when there are state conventions or legislative sessions.

We find from the archives that Lincoln, who had made a record as a waterways booster also was interested in good roads.

The bill, written more legibly than some of his bills in court suits, authorizes the appointment of three of his constituents as commissioners to "view, mark and permanently locate" that part of a state road in Sangamon county, to be built from Springfield to Lewistown.

Let us look over the old state house, now used as a court house, in which he sat as legislator, until he moved with the capitol to Springfield. It is set in a bower of majestic old trees, mostly elms, and surrounded by much new shrubbery, and stands on a lot as big as two city squares. With its Georgian front and portico, it typifies the section of Illinois that was settled by men and women almost exclusively of southern birth or ancestry.

Among the leaders in the legislature were Senator Orville H. Browning and Ninian H. Edwards. Senator Browning was the husband of the charming Mary Browning, who, with her sister and other young women, came from Quincy to attend the session and hold court.

The Brownings became very fond of the tall young legislator from New Salem. We find Lincoln, after he went to Springfield, in 1883, some six years after the first meeting with the Brownings, writing Mrs. Browning of his love affair with Mary Owens, the sister of Mrs. Bennett Able, who turned Lincoln down because he let Mrs. Bowling Green struggle up a hill with her heavy baby in her arms.

Lincoln relates that he delayed making the proposal as long as he could, dreading the idea of getting married, "perhaps more than the Irishman does the halter." When she said "no" he wrote, "I was mortified in a hundred different ways. Others have been made fools of by the girls, but this can never with truth be said of me. I most emphatically, in this instance, made a fool of myself. I have come to the conclusion never again to think of marrying, and for this reason; I can never be satisfied with anyone who would be blockhead enough to have me."

Abraham Lincoln, coming over from New Salem, never dreamed of the "slab" but he foresaw the necessity for passable roads. During his first term, the legislature in session at Vandalia had increased the representation of Sangamon county to seven representatives and two senators.

And in June 1836, Lincoln announced his candidacy for re-election in a letter to the editor of the State Journal, in Springfield, the county seat. In his platform, he said, (and the letter itself is not long) "I am for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes, or bear arms (by no means excluding females). If alive on the first Monday in November, I shall vote for Hugh L. White for president."

Lincoln and Woman Suffrage

Letting women vote, even though they paid taxes, was a novel idea in those days. And the fact that the women of New Salem had much

to do with the selection of Lincoln for postmaster, because they objected to something of the uncouthness of a predecessor, may have had something to do with that.

The Sangamon county delegation was to become known at this 10th session as the "long nine." The two senators were Job Fletcher and Archer G. Herndon. The representatives were Lincoln, Ninian W. Edwards, John Dawson, W. F. Elkin, Robert L. Wilson, Andrew McCormick and Dan Stone.

They were called the "Long Nine" because their combined height was more than 54 feet, and they averaged 200 pounds in weight. Rep. Wilson, writing of their experiences, said:

"We were not only noted for our number and length, but for our combined influence. All the bad or objectionable laws passed at that session of the legislature, and for many years afterwards were charged to the management and influence of the "Long Nine."

Gov. Joseph Duncan in his message had asked renewed banking legislation—an Alton firm had lost \$800,000 of the state bank money trying to corner the Galena lead supply and take the trade from St. Louis—and there was a demand for "Internal Improvement," including railroads and canals, expressed in a convention held in Vandalia at the opening of the session.

The Capitol Comes to Springfield

The "Long Nine" were charged with the responsibility of bringing the capitol to Springfield. Chicago members wanted the I. & M. Canal. One may gather a picture of the shrewd Lincoln, with the experienced Edwards, doing their log rolling.

Rep. Stephen A. Douglas, of Morgan county, who was four years younger than Lincoln, introduced the railroad bill, appropriating \$10,200,000 for the building of railroads. No survey had been made—no maps made over the proposed routes. The legislators drew lines, such as from Galena to Cairo and provided an appropriation of \$3,500,000 to build the railroad. Then \$200,000 was appropriated to counties that were to get no railroads or canals, for road building.

The "Long Nine" got to work. The improvement bill passed; the canal expenditures bill passed; the county appropriation bill passed; the river improvement bill passed, and—note well—the bill to move the capitol to Springfield passed, while this legislation was being considered. There must have been a lot of entertaining at Uncle Ebenezer Capp's tavern, according to this receipted bill:

	Vandalia, Ill., February 28, 1837	
Col. Dawson	to E. Capps	Dr.
To 81 bottles of Champagne at \$2 each	-----	\$162.00
To drinks	-----	6.00
To 32 pounds Almonds	-----	8.00
To 14 lbs. Raisins	-----	10.00

To Cigars -----	\$ 10.00
To Oysters -----	10.00
To Apples -----	3.00
To Eatables -----	12.00
To Breakages -----	2.00
To Sundries -----	.50
	<hr/>
	\$223.50

Received pay of N. W. Edwards March 4th—E. Capps."

Two members of the Sangamon delegation were John Dawson and Ninian W. Edwards.

It must have been a GRAND session—and Lincoln undoubtedly learned a lot of practical politics.

Social Life at the Capital

The hard work of the session was relieved with the social activities in which Lincoln took part, and which revolved around the galaxy of beauties who surrounded Mrs. Elizabeth Hickman Caldwell Browning, wife of the new senator, Orville H. Browning, from Quincy.

Let us look about the town and picture the days as they were in that session in which, on the final day of February, 1839 the bill providing for the transfer of the state government to Springfield was passed.

Browning had introduced the bill, and later was to be feted in Springfield for his share in the work of getting it passed.

There were no paved streets, of course. Uncle Ezra Capps' tavern was the center of gayeties, but all the boarding houses and the rooming houses were full.

A session of the assembly meant something in 1837. It was the important event of the year, and every legislator's wife who accompanied him to the session took with her unmarried sisters and cousins, or friends, and there was no shamefacedness in admitting that these unmarried girls would pick out husbands if there were any likely candidates.

A Metropolis of 1837

Lights were mostly candles. Supporters of Vandalia's desire to retain the seat of government pointed out that it was a metropolitan city, while in Springfield, it would be necessary to live on venison, bear meat, prairie chicken, and the mallard and other ducks that flew up and down the valley of the Illinois in spring and fall.

Parties were numerous during this 10th session which began Dec. 5, 1836, and lasted until March 3, 1837. Mrs. Browning and the coterie of young women who surrounded her, made life merry for the legislators who had no women folk with them. All of them liked the assemblyman from Sangamon, and Lincoln became a life long friend of

Mrs. Browning;—later, as has already been noted, unburdening his soul to her concerning his love affairs.

There were other matters besides parties, however, before the assembly, and among them the fight over the state bank—Jackson had won his fight with Nicholas Biddle over the United States bank—and financial affairs were chaotic in Illinois. It became necessary for Gov. Duncan to call a special session which lasted from July 10 to 22, to enact financial legislation. Later on this legislation will be discussed at greater length.

Ninian Edwards had resigned as attorney general because he did not like to live in Vandalia, both he and his wife having been used to the metropolitan life of Lexington, Ky. His wife was Elizabeth P. Todd, whose father lived in Lexington, and he ran for the assembly, to become a member of the "Long Nine" chiefly because he wanted the capital moved to Springfield. As noted before, Alton wanted the capital and other candidates were Peoria and Jacksonville. Stephen A. Douglas, a member of the House, voted every ballot for Jacksonville. This was one of the occasions in which Lincoln defeated Douglas politically—although he outdistanced the "Little Giant" in other matters, as we will note as we follow the affairs of Lincoln through the years he remained in Illinois.

Back Home—and then to Springfield

When the regular session ended, Lincoln took leave of his close friends, the Brownings, and the young women in Mrs. Browning's party, and returned to New Salem, where there still remained Mary Owens, to whom Lincoln felt he was affianced—and not keen about the idea.

As the session ended March 3, Lincoln could not have remained long in New Salem, for we know he went to Springfield to live on March 15, 1837.

He had been in Springfield often—had been invited to make a speech there once, in fact, and had been well received—but there is nothing to show that there was any excitement when this young legislator and newly admitted member of the bar came to town to make his way in the world.

He went to the store of his friend Joshua Fry Speed, who had a room above the store, tied his nag out in front, took his saddle bags up stairs, and came clumping down and said to Speed, "Well, Speed. I've moved."

Lincoln had been paid three dollars a day as a member of the state assembly, but he still owed a judgment of \$379.82 in New Salem; had a few books, the right to practice law, and a growing reputation for honesty, shrewdness and fair dealing.

But it appears he was not a hard worker. John Romaine was one of the farmers for whom he had worked in the New Salem days. Romaine

has been quoted as saying that, "I say he was awfully lazy. He worked for me, but he was always reading and thinking. He would laugh and talk and tell stories all the time. He didn't love work half as much as his pay. He told me one day that his father taught him to work, but never taught him to love work."

Springfield was not much of a town in 1837, but it was the center of an ever growing and prosperous district, seemed a logical point for railroad transportation and even then gave promise of becoming the city it now is.

The capital was moved, by executive order, July 4, 1839. Lincoln had been re-elected to the House in 1838, and so had Stephen A. Douglas.

Lincoln, April 12, 1837, less than one month after he had moved from New Salem into Springfield, had entered into a partnership with John Todd Stuart, who also had served in the Black Hawk war. Both were ardent Whigs, but Stuart had pro-slavery leaning, and that eventually was the reason for the dissolution of the partnership.

Springfield has taken great pains to mark all those spots in the state capital where Lincoln moved and worked.

Speed's store was on Fifth St., half a block from the present site of the court house, which formerly was the state capitol.

In Lincoln's time, however, the court house was next door to him. Tablets will show you the site. Two blocks away was the Presbyterian church in which the House had its sessions when the capitol first was moved to Springfield, and before the new capitol building had been erected.

There are residents of Springfield today who recall the terrible work of dragging through the muddy roads of that richly soiled country, the stone with which the old state house was built. Then it was but a two story affair, the other story having been added—by putting it underneath the original structure—after it became the Sangamon county court house.

It was built during Lincoln's life in Springfield, and was the state house when he was nominated for the presidency. He used the governor's office for a reception room for the endless stream of well-wishers who came to congratulate him, and remained to listen to some homely story, or a joke told by this serious-faced man, whose eyes could twinkle almost incandescently.

Springfield was a town of 3,000 population when Lincoln went there to make it his home and became the law partner of John Todd Stuart. During the four years of that partnership, Stuart either was a member of congress, or running for that office and Lincoln was left to do much of the routine work—a wonderful experience and training for him. During the Stuart absences, when Lincoln collected

a fee for the firm, his partner's half was wrapped up and labelled, "Stuart's share" and laid away awaiting his partner's return.

But because of Stuart's pro-slavery leanings, this partnership was dissolved, and in 1841 Lincoln was picked out by Judge Stephen T. Logan, one of the greatest lawyers the state ever produced, and who was noted for his keenness in selecting young men with ability and making outstanding attorneys of them, took Lincoln into partnership. This association lasted until 1844, when Lincoln wanted to be candidate for congress

But now we must get back a few years. The state capitol had been moved to Springfield, where the Vandilians said the legislators would tire of fresh game and long for the hog meat of such civilized communities as Vandalia. Lincoln was getting on his feet as a lawyer, but the prospect of a new session was not happy.

With other members of the House, he joined in writing a letter to his friend, Mrs. Orville H. Browning, wife of the new senator from Quincy, veteran and critic of the Black Hawk war and later U. S. Senator, asking her to bring her galaxy of beautiful girls to Springfield for the session, which was to open December 9, 1839.

Mrs. Browning came, and so did most of the unmarried girls in the state who made any pretensions to social distinction. And Elizabeth Edwards, wife of Lincoln's good friend, Ninian Wirt Edwards, whose pleasant home stood on the ground now occupied by the Illinois Centennial Building, just south of the state house, brought a guest who was to play an important part in Lincoln's life.

Mrs Edwards' guest was her sister, Mary Todd, a lively, vivacious girl, with blue eyes, a wonderful coiffure of chestnut hair, and who was one of the belles of the "Cotillion Ball" held in the American House, December 1, 1839.

She was the daughter of Robert Todd and Elizabeth Parker, and was born the year Illinois became a state, in 1818 on December 13— in Lexington, Ky. Her father had married again and she had spent much of her life in the fashionable boarding school of Mrs. Mentelle, near the home of Henry Clay, where only French was spoken during class hours, and where she learned fashionable dances as the schottische and—how modern—that dance called the waltz. But she did not waltz at the "Cotillion Ball"—demure person that she was.

At the Ball

Over in the corner of the ball room was quite a little knot of young men. They were listening to a solemn visaged young man in round cut white silk waistcoat telling stories.

"Who is that man over there monopolizing those young men?" asked Mary Todd of her cousin, John Todd Stuart.

"That's Abraham Lincoln, my law partner," replied Stuart.



LINCOLN HOMESTEAD

"Bring him over here and introduce him," said the Kentucky guest, with an imperious stamp of her foot.

So Lincoln met Mary Todd, who became his wife, his partner in victory and defeat, a sharer in his honors and vicissitudes and the person, according to Herndon, who 'nagged him into greatness.' Often afterwards, she declared, "I knew he would become president. That is why I married him."

But it was not until after a stormy courtship, in which young Stephen A. Douglas was a bitter rival, that they were married, on November 4, 1842, nearly three years later. From January 1, 1841 until the fall of 1842, they did not speak.

There have been many explanations, but none authoritative.

It may have been over the tall, blonde Matilda Edwards, of Kaskaskia, daughter of Cyrus Edwards, and niece of that doughty old Ninian Edwards, who was the first territorial governor from 1808 to 1818.

She went to Springfield in 1840 to visit her cousin Ninian, and his wife Elizabeth. Lincoln paid her much attention, and it may well be that Mary Todd was jealous.

The fact remains, however, that Lincoln and Mary had what must have been a very bitter quarrel. All we know about it is that Lincoln, in a letter, referred to the date as "that fatal January 1," and Edwards is quoted as having said that Lincoln was "crazy as a loon."

Matilda married Newton D. Strong, and moved to Reading, Pa., and on Friday, November 4, 1842, Lincoln and Mary were married without any preliminary announcement, at a very quiet wedding, performed by Charles Frosser, the Episcopal rector, with only members of the family and a few close friends present.

The Lincoln Home

Almost every visitor to Springfield who goes there to learn about Abraham Lincoln goes first to the Lincoln homestead at 8th and Jackson streets. It has been preserved, intact, as it was during the days when Lincoln and Mary Todd Lincoln lived there, after they quitted the Globe Tavern, where it cost Lincoln four dollars a week for board and room.

The old horse hair sofas and chairs; the prints on the walls, the knick-knacks on the "whatnots" take you back to that night they held a big reception, after Lincoln had been elected president, and the out-of-town newspaper correspondents wired their papers how admirably Mrs. Lincoln conducted herself.

Robert Todd Lincoln their first child was born in the Globe Tavern August 1, 1843. The Globe was on Adams St., between what is now the

Alton railroad and Fourth St. The site is now marked with an appropriate tablet. Robert Todd Lincoln lived to a ripe old age, dying on July 26, 1926, at the age of eighty-three.

The home that the Lincolns bought, after he had begun to succeed at the practice of law, was finished throughout with walnut. The home cost him \$1500, and he gave some \$300 cash, some lots he owned, and some notes. It never was finally paid for until he had been elected to congress in 1846.

Lincoln in Politics

In following Lincoln through Illinois, we have seen how he started in politics, by being elected to the state assembly from New Salem. He continued as a member of the House through the 1840 campaign, and was a candidate for speaker, but was defeated by Ewing, 46 to 36.

That year he also was a member of the state central committee. The Whigs finally had followed the lead of the Democrats in holding conventions—a plan repugnant to many of the Whig leaders.

But the records show that Abraham Lincoln was a practical politician. As the leading figure on the committee, it is believed he was responsible for the circular that was sent out that summer, calling for organization of every county into small sub-districts, with accurate polls of the voters. Among other things that circular said:

“The committee shall keep in close touch with doubtful voters and by many devices win them to the cause of the Whigs.”

During the summer, Lincoln campaigned the state for Harrison and Tyler, often clashing with the young Democrat, Stephen A. Douglas, with whom he had debated during the winter of 1839, while the legislature was in session, over the \$40,000,000 spent by the Van Buren administration in 1838.

The Whigs Rally

In the summer of 1840, there was a huge Whig rally at Springfield and it is said 20,000 persons came from all over the state. It took 14 teams to haul the Chicago delegation, and it took seven days to go and seven days to return. Think that over as your car spins over the billowing smoothness of the concrete of No. 4. It took them two days to get to Joliet, where they had a fight with a mob composed of men working on the new Illinois and Michigan canal. Let us quote from the official history of Illinois, by Prof. George W. Smith, of Carbondale:

“They (the Chicago delegation) captured in Chicago a government yawl which they rigged as a two masted ship. This was placed on a strong wagon drawn by six grey horses. There were four sailors, a band of music and a six pounder in position. The band played and the cannon boomed at the entrance to every village. Capt. David Hunter, afterward a major-general in the civil war, was in command of the expedition.

"The ship was a sight to many inland people who had never seen anything like it.

"But another object stirred the blood of the pioneers. It was a long cabin, 12 by 16 feet, borne on a wagon with wooden wheels made from a large tree by cutting cross sections several inches in thickness. The cabin had a yard, trees, a hard cider barrel, live coons and back-woodsmen. It was hauled through the streets of Springfield by 30 yoke of oxen.

"At the proper moment, the ship was presented to the Whigs of Sangamon county on behalf of the Chicago delegation by William Stuart, editor of the Chicago American.

"In response, the Whigs of Sangamon county presented, through Edward A. Baker, a live grey eagle. Baker said the eagle's broad flight was emblematical of the far reaching victories of Harrison. At this point, the eagle responded by rearing his head, expanding his wings and giving a loud cry. This act of the bird knowing ones took to presage a great victory for Harrison."

Lincoln was the principal speaker that day. One of those in the seething crowd who listened to him was a sixteen-year-old youth who was later to become chief justice of the supreme court, John M. Scott. Here is his story of it:

"Mr. Lincoln stood in a wagon from which he addressed the mass of people that surrounded it. It was at the time of his greatest physical strength. He was tall and perhaps a little more slender than in later life, and more homely than after he became stouter in person. He was then only 31 years of age, yet he was regarded as one of the ablest of the Whig speakers in this campaign. Even then, he was the subject of popular regard because of his candid and simple mode of discussing and illustrating political questions. Often his telling stories was resorted to for the purpose of making his opponents ridiculous.

"That was a style of speaking that was much appreciated at that early day. In that kind of oratory he had no equal in the state."

Lincoln was a candidate for presidential elector, and for the state assembly. The Whigs lost the state to the Democrats by a margin of 1928 votes but John Todd Stuart, Lincoln's law partner, defeated Stephen A. Douglas for congress from the third district.

And here's the reason for the victory of the Democrats:

An earlier supreme court ruling had declared the foreigners, many of them direct from Ireland, who were working on the canal and in St. Clair county, who had not been naturalized, could not vote. A Democratic assembly, at the suggestion of Adam Snyder, legislated all the circuit judges out of office and increased the supreme court bench by five. The five new places were filled with Democrats, and it stood seven Democrats to three Whigs. The new Supreme Court then set aside the first ruling, giving the foreigners the right of franchise.



LINCOLN MONUMENT

Springfield of Today

Let us look at the Springfield of today, full of memories of the martyred president. Let us go out to the tomb where he is buried.

It is the beautiful Oak Ridge cemetery where, in summer huge brooding trees spread a dense shade and even nature seems hushed in the presence of the monument which marks the last resting place of the war president.

Deep beneath the vault itself lie the remains of Lincoln. The bodies of Mary Todd, and three of their sons are in a crypt sealed with marble. Lincoln's body is so deeply buried because of the attempt, during the reconstruction days, of a band of counterfeiters to kidnap the body and hold it for a ransom—the ransom being the pardon of the members of their band who had been run to earth after a series of depredations and counterfeiting crimes that had their center along the Mississippi river from Clinton, Iowa to below Alton.

Near the monument is a temporary home for a collection of Lincolnia, including the famous letter to Col. Robert Allen, prominent local Democratic politician in New Salem, written June 21, 1836, when Lincoln and Ninian W. Edwards were candidates for the state assembly. Allen had been quoted as saying that he could divulge facts which, if the public knew them, would end their chances of election.

When he heard about it, Lincoln immediately wrote Col. Allen that it was the colonel's duty to inform the world.

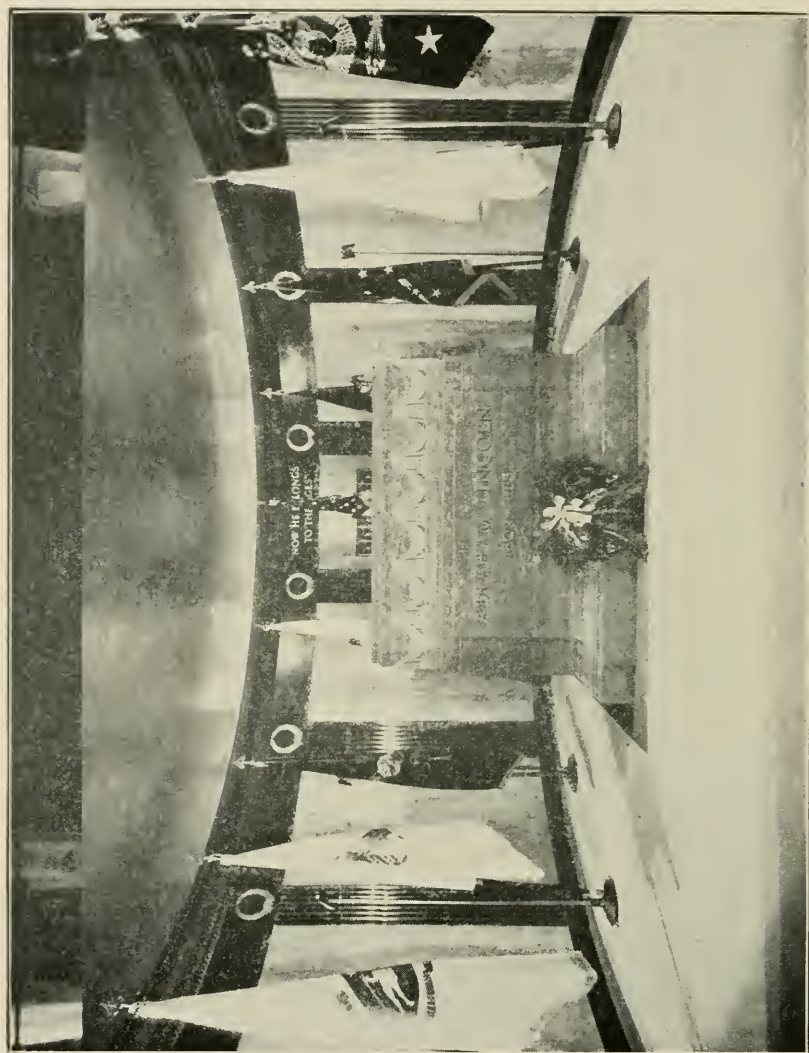
"If I have done anything, either by design or misadventure, which, if known, would subject me to a forfeiture of the confidence of the voters he that knows of that thing and conceals it, is a traitor to his country's interest."

Col. Allen never revealed anything and apparently remained in seclusion during the remainder of the campaign.

In downtown Springfield there is a marker at 116 N. Sixth st., where stood the Old Illinois Journal office (and Lincoln could get anything he wrote into that paper even before he was nominated) where he sat the night he got the news that he had been nominated at the wigwam convention.

"There's a little woman down on Eighth st. who would like to hear about that," he told those who would have stopped him as he hurried home to Mary Todd, who always had told her friends, "I know Mr. Lincoln will be president some day."

It was because of Mary Todd he was buried in the majestic dignity of Oak Ridge. The Springfield committee was determined to bury him on the Mather property, south of the present state house, "where a monument could be seen from the railroad." But she would have none of it and when the committee threatened to disregard her wishes, declared she would return the body to Washington, to be buried under the



SARCOPHAGUS—LINCOLN TOMB

dome of the capitol in the crypt prepared for Washington. She got her wish. On the site refused by her there now stands the Centennial building housing the Centennial Museum. It, too, is worth almost a day's stay.

Visit the court house—that formerly was the state house, and where, on days when court is not in session, one can picture the assembly in session in that room at the west end of the second floor (then it was the first floor) with Lincoln entertaining his hearers with some homely story.

There are 16 markers about the town—all within a few blocks—that will tell you much of Lincoln. Paul M. Angle, executive secretary of the Lincoln Centennial Association, 701 First Nat'l Bank building, or the Springfield Automobile club, will tell you anything you want to know.

On to Beardstown

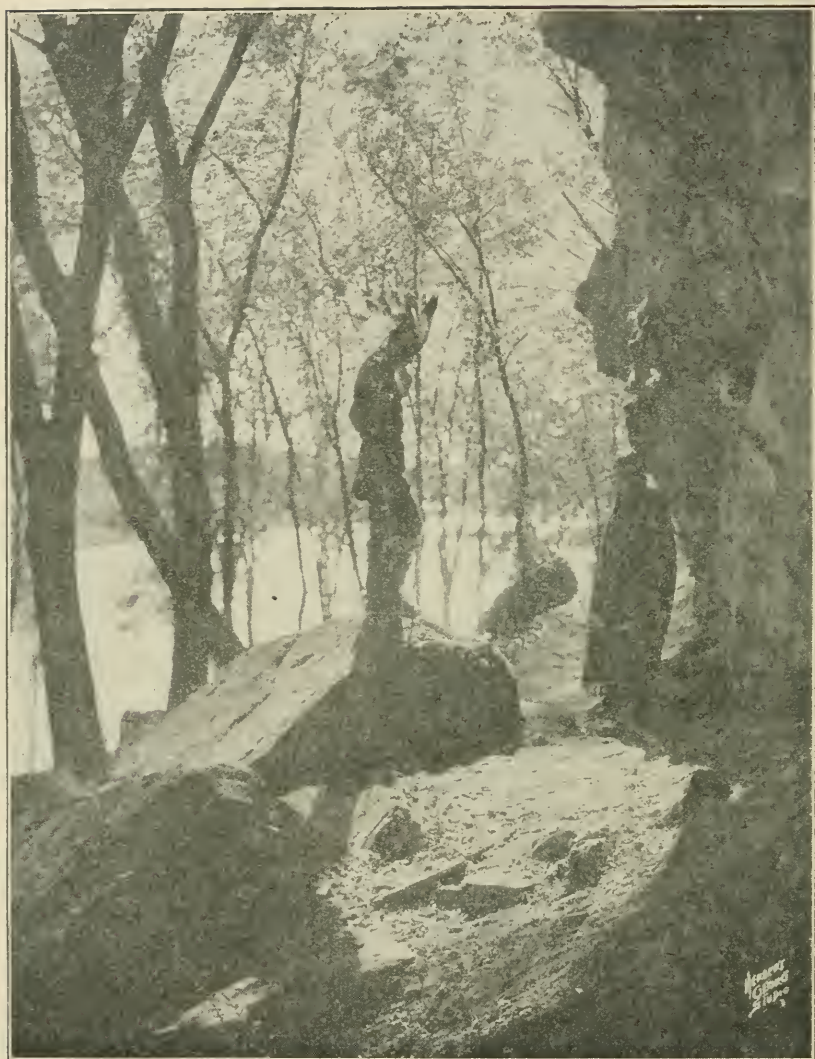
Where the majestic Illinois river narrows to pass a point of land that juts into its current, just 46 miles northwest of Springfield, is the tree shaded old town of Beardstown, once the county seat of Cass county and point of export to Central and South America.

Of recent years, the world has heard principally about floods from Beardstown, but those days are past, with the completion of the great concrete sea wall that is to help man try to turn the river on edge instead of permitting it to use the reservoirs nature had laid out in the river reaches far above Beardstown. Those natural reservoirs were the haunts of countless wild ducks and other game, but the land was pushed out into the channel, and narrow as it was, the river set on edge, just had to overflow.

Thomas Beard saw the beauty of the place 108 years ago. He settled there in 1820 and operated a ferry across the river that was too wide to be bridged in those days.

It became a great meat packing center, steam boats with men wide, waddling stern wheels—and barges, took countless tons of packed meat to New Orleans for southern consumption and for export to Central and South America. The roads from all directions, when they began to have "bottom" in the late spring, and in winter, were often filled with droves of hogs that were made to carry themselves to the packers. But the railroads developed faster transportation, and Beardstown bowed to the inevitable. But not until it had made history that will never die in Illinois.

For here were mobilized the Illinois troops that fought in the war against Black Hawk's Indian bands—a war that is too little appreciated even in Illinois, although it determined the fate of the northern Mississippi valley states and gave the country to the white man instead of the red.



LOVER'S SPRING—BLACK HAWK STATE PARK

And with those boys came Abraham Lincoln whose career through the state we have been following. With them were the boys from New Salem.

The Black Hawk War

In the spring of 1832, word came that Gov. Reynolds was calling for volunteers to end the war of depredation that had been started in the so-called "Military Tract," which included the land east of the Mississippi to the Illinois, to a point 12 miles below the confluence of the Rock and Mississippi rivers.

The federal government had set aside this tract after the war of 1812 for the benefit of the soldiers who had fought in the second war with England. Under the settlement, the soldiers might accept their land warrants, or might sell them, with the purchasers having the right of settlement on the lands. This settlement figured later in the battle over the state bank.

There were apparently more purchasers than soldiers who settled on the land, and between 1820 and 1830, the settlements moved north rapidly. In moving north, they encroached upon the lands of the Indian tribes of the Sacs and Foxes, the Winnebagoes and others.

But before we start fighting this war with Black Hawk and his braves, let us look into the causes that led up to it, so that when we tour this beautiful country, we will know what it was all about—especially in view of the fact that the state has appropriated \$200,000 for the purchase of the "Black Hawk Watch Tower Hill," near the confluence of the Rock and Mississippi rivers.

The cause of the war goes back to 1804 when, on June 27, William Henry Harrison, afterward to be elected president on the "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" ticket, as a Whig, was governor of Indiana territory, which included Illinois, and of the district of Louisiana, and was superintendent of Indian affairs.

The Harrison Treaty

Harrison had been appointed a commissioner plenipotentiary to negotiate treaties with the Indians in the Northwestern territory and on that June 27th, concluded a treaty in St. Louis with five chiefs of the Sacs and Fox Indians, in which these five chiefs released all claims to all lands west of the Fox and Illinois rivers, and east of the Mississippi, and north as far as the Wisconsin river.

Harrison, in behalf of the federal government, agreed that the United States was to pay annually certain sums as long as the United States should hold the territory.

But, in Article 7 of the treaty, it was agreed that the Indians should enjoy the privilege of hunting and living upon the ground, "as long as the lands now ceded to the United States remain their property."

Note that clause well, for therein lies the hub of the argument—



ORIGINAL INDIAN TRAIL—BLACK HAWK STATE PARK

when the State of Illinois became the owner by admission to the Union as a state—the federal government no longer was the actual landlord.

Black Hawk Not a Chief

Black Hawk, a member of the Sac and Fox tribes, was born at Saukenuk, one of the greatest Indian villages in the west, near the mouth of the Rock river, but was not a chief in his own tribe of Sacs, although he has come down to us as a chieftain.

The Sacs and Foxes, like the Illini and the Pottawatomies, Miamis, Kikapoos and Ottawas, were generally of the Algonquin family of Indians, who had come from the region of Green Bay to what now is Illinois, soon after the French and Indian war.

Black Hawk, in his memoirs, declared rival tribes drove his people from Quebec to Montreal, thence to Green Bay, where the Sacs federated with the Foxes and eventually came to the Rock River valley—beautiful, fruitful, full of game and a paradise for the tribes that were escaping the vengeance of the various tribes that belonged to the Iroquois.

Saukenuk, the site of which you may view with interest and wonder, on the rocky peninsula where the Rock debouches into the Mississippi, was high above the rest of the country—fertile, and an ideal site for the Indian village situated there.

The buildings were built after the style of the "long houses" of the Mohawks, and they could shelter a population of 6,000 or 7,000. The site had long been an Indian village, and a grave yard was the shrine of the Indian wives and mothers, who annually visited the spot where their dead had been buried, freed the mounds of weeds, and left refreshments for the braves who had attained their happy hunting grounds. Desecration of those burial grounds by the whites, whose encroachments to the north had brought them to the mouth of the Rock, was one of the contributing causes to the Black Hawk war.

Black Hawk Denounces Treaty

When William Henry Harrison made the treaty with the Sacs and Foxes, Black Hawk, according to his own statements, was hiding to avoid the treaty makers, (five chieftains). Later he declared the treaty a fraud; that the chiefs were given much hard liquor to drink, and loaded down with presents, and persuaded to sign the treaty when the whole world looked rosy.

But the fact remains that Black Hawk, joined with other Indians in the country northwest of the Ohio in fighting with the British in the war of 1812, in which the loss of Detroit, Mackinaw, and the Fort Dearborn massacre, in Chicago, all in the summer of 1812, opened the flood gates of Indian barbarity in northern, central and parts of southern Illinois. Black Hawk, with 200 braves was with the British

until the end of the war, and then, instead of acceding to the results and the treaty of Ghent, in 1815, continued depredations, killing and scalping a few whites, and working up dissatisfaction among his followers.

So in 1822, four years after Illinois became a state, another treaty was made with the Sacs and Foxes, reaffirming the treaty that Harrison had made in St. Louis in 1804, in which the Indians ceded to the United State the lands east of the Mississippi. The Black Hawk signed that treaty, thus sanctioning the treaty of 1804, which he had denounced. In 1825, another and similar treaty, to pacify the Indians themselves, was drawn and signed, again confirming the treaty of 1804.

All of which makes it look pretty bad for Black Hawk, who, according to historians, "was a keen, shrewd, unprincipled Indian who had all the advantages of living among the white people. He was morose, resentful, and secretive. He had the effrontery to contend about things and deny their existence when documentary evidence proved him a falsifier. Furthermore, he was envious of Keokuk, a really great chief-tain of the Foxes, and he held a deadly hatred of the Onages.

The Whites "Pre-emp" Saukenuk

Meantime, in the late 1828, the white settlers in the "Military Tract" were coming closer and closer to the great Indian village of Saukenuk, at the mouth of the Rock. These white settlers could not yet legally buy the lands, but they could "pre-emp." And they did, and finally demanded that the Indians vamoose, and get across the Mississippi and let the whites have the beautifully productive lands, which the Indians had farmed only indifferently.

In the fall of 1829, Col. Davenport (for whom the town across from Rock Island-Moline is named) bought most of the lands upon which was situated Saukenuk. Black Hawk was infuriated. He wrote that he and some of his friends decided that if the Indians were forced to move across the river they intended to assassinate Col. Davenport and all others involved. Black Hawk visited Malden, Canada, to confer with the British commander, Detroit, and other towns for advice and assistance.

When he came back in the fall of 1830, he found his people on their annual hunt, and could work up no war enthusiasm.

The Call to Arms

But in the spring of 1831, Keokuk created dissensions in Black Hawk's following, disrupted it, and Black Hawk and his followers retaliated by trampling down the crops of the white invaders, and "endangered the peace and happiness of more than 50 white families," according to petitions to Gov. Reynolds, with the result that an expedition was made against Black Hawk and his braves by 700 Illinois volunteers and six companies of regulars, from Jefferson barracks, in St. Louis, commanded by General Gaines.

All these troops were assembled at Beardstown, went on to Rushville and to the Rock. Lincoln was among the volunteers who assembled at Beardstown. It will be remembered that he was captain of a company from New Salem.

It is interesting to note that there were 160 volunteers from the state, and also to note that the Illinois valley trade with South America, now the goal of waterway boosters, must have been under way even then. There were not enough guns, but Gov. Reynolds found that a Mr. Earnst had several hundred stands of "small brass barrelled guns, destined for the South American trade," which were purchased by the state for the campaign against Black Hawk.

The net result was that another agreement dated June 30, 1831, was made with Black Hawk after the Indians had crossed to the west side of the Father of Waters and the soldiers cheated out of a fight had wantonly destroyed their village. Under this treaty, Black Hawk and his Indians agreed to stay on the west side of the Mississippi.

But he did not mean it, for in the spring of 1832 came the real Black Hawk war, into which Abraham Lincoln started as the captain of the company that had been raised in New Salem.

With this background of the struggle, let us follow Lincoln from New Salem to Beardstown, and thence northward through the beautiful country of western Illinois.

It was a hard job for the Sangamon county boys who responded to the call for volunteers, issued by Gov. John Reynolds on April 16, 1832, to assemble for the march against Black Hawk and his rebellious Indians along the Rock river. The roads were deep in spring mud, the weather was cold for that time of year, and while the men were willing to fight Indians they were unwilling to submit to discipline.

The year before, 1600 men had marched north and Gen. Gaines, the U. S. officer commanding, had made a treaty with Black Hawk on June 15, under which this Indian British sympathizer agreed to stay on the west side of the Mississippi. The soldiers called it a "corn treaty" and were chagrined that they did not get to fight any Indians—only to burn Saukenuk, the Indians' big town at the mouth of the Rock river.

All through the winter of 1831-32, Black Hawk fomented trouble; raided white farms; sent emissaries to Canada, Detroit, the Wabash country and elsewhere in an effort to enlist support.

He talked most of the Fox braves into joining him, and would have had a united force but for the eloquence of Keokuk, the Fox chief, who in a fiery speech dissuaded his tribesmen from joining the war. Had they done so, the whites in the whole Military Tract probably would have been massacred before help could have been sent.

A fortnight after the 1831 treaty, a band of Sacs and Foxes killed 25 drunken Menominee Indians. On April 1, 1832, Gen. Henry At-

kinson, in command then at St. Louis, got orders from Washington, to punish the guilty Sacs and Foxes; the technical start of the war. With 6 U. S. companies (220 men), Gen. Atkinson, in two steamboats, the "Enterprise" and the "Chieftain" started up the river early in April. Black Hawk, with 500 warriors and 1,500 women and children, hiding in the heavy woods on the west side of the Mississippi, saw them go by at night.

When Gen. Atkinson reached Ft. Armstrong, he conferred with Keokuk, who said he could not deliver up the Indians guilty of murdering the 25 Menominees, because some were with Black Hawk and some with the Prophet, the chief of the Winnebagoes, with whom the Whites had had a war in 1827, when the small settlement at Ft. Dearborn, Chicago, got a terrible scare.

Keokuk, however, volunteered the information that Black Hawk and his band had crossed the Mississippi and were heading up the Rock river. It was then Gen. Atkinson asked Gov. Reynolds to call for troops.

"To the militia of the Northwestern Section of the State," Gov. Reynolds' call was addressed. "Your country requires your services. The Indians have assumed a hostile attitude. The British band of Sacs and other hostile Indians, headed by Black Hawk, are in possession of the Rock river county, to the great terror of the frontier inhabitants. I consider the settlers on the frontiers to be in imminent danger."

Gov. Reynolds left his home in Belleville, and rode to Beardstown where the volunteers were gathering. Among these volunteers, as we know, was Abraham Lincoln. The camp was on Mascooten bay, back of Beardstown. It is mostly under water now, but near Eighth and Wall Sts., on the wall of an artificial ice plant, one may locate a tablet which identifies the spot, although many of them who came from the Military Tract were encamped on the Schuyler county side of the river. They came on horseback, with gun, powder horn, 100 bullets each, food for five days each, and such clothing as they could provide.

They became restive, but had to remain there until April 27 before they started their march, via Rushville for the Rock River country.

Before we take to the billowing concrete to follow the volunteers after Black Hawk, let us pause in Beardstown long enough to learn of one of Lincoln's legal triumphs. If this story were to happen to-day, it would be "covered" by the newspapers by telegraph, about as follows:

BEARDSTOWN, ILL. Aug. 7, 1858:—William Duff Armstrong was acquitted today of the murder of James Preston Metzker, who died September 3, 1857, three days after the state charged Duff Armstrong and John H. Norris had attacked him in a drunken brawl near the camp meeting in Virden's grove, seven miles southwest of Mason City.

His acquittal by the jury, which deliberated less than one hour, was the result of the dramatic denouncement by the attorney for the defense, Hon. Abraham Lincoln, of Springfield, candidate for U. S. Senator and former member of congress and of the state assembly, who utterly discredited the state's only "eye witness" by producing an almanac for the last year to prove that John Allen, the witness could not have been correct in his testimony that he saw the whole affair in the bright moonlight.

Allen was the witness produced by State's Attorney Hugh Fullerton. It had been reported that Allen was hiding in the Virginia hotel, in Virginia, with his expenses being paid by Armstrong's family so that he could not testify against Duff Armstrong. Norris already is serving an eight year sentence in Alton penitentiary for the killing of Metzker, having been convicted last fall. Mr. Lincoln advised his client's family to produce Allen, and State's Attorney Fullerton issued an attachment for him.

Judge John Harriot yesterday adjourned court that Allen might be produced.

When court convened this morning, the benches in the court room, looking over the town square, were all full, and in front sat Mrs. Hannah Armstrong, recently widowed mother of the defendant, her husband, Jack Armstrong, formerly of New Salem, and a "Clary's Grove" friend of Lincoln, having died last winter.

It was a hot morning, and it was reported that the only defense Attorney Lincoln planned was to put ten or fifteen character witnesses for his client.

When Allen took the stand, he was asked by States' Attorney to tell his story, and he related how he had observed the whole fight.

"Duff Armstrong," said Allen, "had been hanging around the edges of the camp meeting grounds with quite a crowd of 'sports'. He had a fast horse, and had several races during the day, and drank much whiskey. About 8 o'clock he laid down on a bench and went to sleep. Later, it must have been 10 o'clock or after, this James P. Metzker, a big powerful man, came to where the little crowd was gathered.

"He saw Armstrong asleep, and grabbed him by the leg and pulled him off the bench, slapped his face, and some of the fellows said, spit in Duff's face, all the while abusing him."

"I object," said Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes, stick to what you saw yourself," warned the States' Attorney.

"Well, when he pulled Armstrong off the bench," continued

the witness, "the fight started and Norris hit Metzker with a chunk of wood, and I saw Duff hit him in the right eye with a sling shot."

"How could you see so well," asked Attorney Lincoln, after taking over the witness for cross examination.

"It was a bright moonlight," replied the witness.

"Where was the moon?" asked Lincoln.

"Almost overhead,—about where the sun is at one o'clock in the afternoon," replied the witness. Mr. Lincoln made him repeat that five or six times.

He then asked the court for a few minutes time, and turning to A. P. Armstrong, a younger brother of the defendant, said, "Bub, go over to Rice's drug store on Washington street and get an almanac for last year." When Armstrong returned, Lincoln said:

"If the court please, I would like to introduce this document to show that the moon set at 12:05 a. m. that night, and that the witness could not have seen what he claims he saw—that he could not have distinguished faces or weapons by the light of a moon that was within two hours of setting."

The almanac was passed to the court, the states' attorney, who objected, only to be overruled, and to the jury.

Then several character witnesses were put on the stand and Lincoln made the closing address to the jury.

The afternoon was sultry by this time. Lincoln shed his coat and waistcoat, finally his high stock, and before he concluded, one home-made knitted gallus was hanging over his shoulder. His tall frame quivered, and there were tears in his eyes frequently as he related his friendship for Jack Armstrong, father of the defendant. It was learned that when Lincoln was a clerk in Denton Offutt's store in New Salem, in the early Thirties, he had a wrestling match with Jack Armstrong, who tried to foul him and Lincoln threw him over his head. Armstrong stopped his gang from Clary's Grove from attacking Lincoln; they became great friends, and the late Armstrong is said to have been responsible for Lincoln having been elected captain in the Black Hawk war when the troops mobilized here in 1832.

"I was a stranger and they took me in," Lincoln told the jury, recalling the days of his life in New Salem when he lived with the Armstrongs. He pictured the torment Armstrong had suffered in jail almost a year and concluded with the clinching argument that the almanac proved that Allen could not have seen the attack. Lincoln told Mrs. Hannah Armstrong, the old mother, "Duff will be home tomorrow." And when the jury returned in an hour, with the verdict of acquittal, John T. Brady, a member, of

the jury declared that they had all thought Armstrong guilty, but that the mute evidence of the almanac had raised the "reasonable doubt" the judge stressed in his instructions, which also said the jury would have to be convinced that Armstrong and Norris, who once before had killed a man, named Thornburg, had "acted in concert" in the attack on Metzker.

There was a touching reunion between the weeping mother, in her big sunbonnet, and the son, and Lincoln was surrounded with spectators who congratulated him on his victory.

That is the way the story might have been written on that hot summer afternoon in 1858. For it is the true story, as one may find in the article by J. N. Gridley, himself a great lawyer, in the *Journal of the Illinois State Historical society* of thirty years ago. There have been stories that Lincoln "doctored" the almanac. But these are untrue—the judge, the states' attorney and jury looked at it. And Joel Stebbins, director of the University of Illinois observatory, on March 29, 1890, computed for Mr. Gridley that the moon DID set at 12:05 A. M. on that August 3, 1857. It might be added that "Duff" enlisted in the Federal army, went to war, and was pardoned from service while in a hospital by President Abraham Lincoln. Duff went to Iowa where he died later as a farmer.

The court house in which the trial took place has become the Beardstown city hall since the county seat was moved to Virginia, but it is exactly the same building now that it was then, with the exception that the city council chamber which was the court room in 1858, has been walled and ceiled with metal, and painted white.

After a visit to the old court house, and a last look at the river steamer tied to the dock, we are ready to leave Beardstown for Rushville.

Over the ribbons of concrete, we click off the intervening miles in the space of a few minutes. For Lincoln and the other youthful pioneers who marched that way to do battle with the Black Hawk, it was a long and arduous trip in the cold and rain and through a river bottom valley country without a bottom.

But the troops that assembled at Beardstown, and across the river in Schuyler county, had to make it, the men from the east side of the river using the ferry that Thomas Beards had established when he settled there in 1820, to give his name to the town.

Today it is a beautiful trip. Instead of a ferry, there is a toll bridge. Across the wide bottoms—the river once reached to those hills, through the little hamlet of Frederick, which recalls the Cumberland road through the Blue Ridge in Maryland, and then a mile upward through the majestic bluffs of Schuyler county's outpost on the "Mecha See Bee", the road winds up and down—roller coaster—with wooded

hills in the distance, then flat stretches of rich corn land—and so into Rushville, some thirteen miles away.

The hard road passes through the north of the beautiful old town—one of the oldest in the Military Tract. The old roads, according to local tradition, ran even farther to the north, and it was along this route the tourist may follow many that went out to settle forever the fate of the northwest country—that country that in 1763 had been ceded to the British by the French, after the French king had received the country to the west of the Mississippi.

Washington's victory over Cornwallis at Yorktown, Va., which resulted in the first United States treaty with Britain, gave it to the United States, in turn, subject to the occupancy of the Indians,—members of the Algonquin tribes, among them the Sacs, the Ottawas, the Winnebagoes, and Kickapoos and others.

Picture our army. Lincoln had been elected a captain in New Salem. After Jack Armstrong had maneuvered him out of the ranks of the privates when it was suggested that the volunteers fall in behind their favorite for captain, and that the captain would be the man who had the longest line behind him.

When Lincoln received Gov. Reynolds proclamation of April 16, he wrote a heading "We the undersigned agree to volunteer" and signed his name first. He was a member of the militia, had been elected captain before, and was liked. Under the law, militiamen were required to drill twice a year, or be fined \$1. Dollars were scarce and there were no slackers.

James O. Kirkpatrick, owner of a saw mill farther up the river, who once had hired Lincoln to do logging, also wanted to be captain. But Armstrong and the "Clary's Grove boys" with William G. Green, pushed Lincoln to the front, and he was captain.

There seems to be no record of their activities along the march. Picture some 2,000 frontiersmen ready to suppress the Indians. Most of them were mounted but there were many foot soldiers.

Tradition in Rushville, is that they camped on the Reuben Moore farm, four miles northwest of Rushville. There is a tradition also that there was a "still house" and a spring there. Let us leave the boys in camp for the night and look over this old town of Rushville, where the roads are excellent, the shade trees wonderful and the people as hospitable as they were in the frontier days. Here Lincoln afterwards spoke and practiced law in the old court house, that finally has given way to a new one.

Rushville Today

Rushville was one of the first towns in the Military Tract that was set aside by the government for the veterans of the War of 1812, with the British. As soon as it was opened up, the veterans of the

war began flocking in, and there were other settlers, to tell the truth, because the law provided that the veterans might sell their patents to the land that was to come from the Indians.

The Methodist church in Rushville is a new building, because the old one was destroyed by fire, but nevertheless it celebrated its 100th anniversary several years ago. That might give you an idea of the age of the town that was founded in the wilderness by the men who carved their way to settlement of the Rio Grande boundary dispute at Cerro Gordo, Jalapa, and on other Mexican battlefields.

And it is part of the life of Lincoln. He practiced law in the old court house although it was not on his regular circuit, and he spoke there in the campaign of 1858 when he tried to defeat Stephen A. Douglas, who was the judge on the bench in many of Lincoln's law suits, for the United States senate.

An old, quiet, shady town, Rushville radiates stability.

And in Rushville is John S. Little, a collector of Lincolniana.

To Mr. Little and Mr. Joseph B. Oakleaf, of Moline, sole survivor of the "Big Five" of Lincolniana collectors in the world, must go the credit of having recently discovered the grave of Azel Dorsey, who was Lincoln's schoolmaster when he lived in Gentryville, in Spencer county, Indiana.

Dorsey came to Rushville soon after the Military Tract was opened and settled on a farm. Historians knew he had died in Schuyler county. But it was Mr. Little and Mr. Oakleaf who discovered the grave in a forgotten cemetery on the farm of Arthur King, near Huntsville, some twenty miles west of Rushville. Dorsey died Sept. 13, 1858, aged nearly seventy-four.

Not long ago was made public by the editor of the Rushville paper, a letter written by Lincoln—one of the most emphatic epistles penned by him. Lincoln was opposing Douglas for United States Senator, and needed the support of the two state senators to win. John C. Bagby, of Rushville, was one of the two state senatorial candidates he was relying upon. But apparently Bagby didn't feel certain of election. So Lincoln wrote him this letter, full of practical political advice: "John C. Bagby, Esq.

My dear Sir: Mr. Hatch tells me you write rather in a discouraging tone as to your own election. That won't do. You must be elected. Must is the word. Make known to the committee at Chicago the amount and nature of the help you can make available and I expect they will furnish it—But by all means don't say if I can,—say I will.

Yours truly,

A. Lincoln."

But Schuyler county was—and is—Democratic, and John P. Richmond, Bagby's opponent for the state senate was elected, as

was the Democratic candidate for House. So Douglas got two votes, and Lincoln was defeated.

Now let us return to the camp on the Reuben Moore farm and start the march to the mouth of the Rock river—known to the Indians as the “Sinissippi.”

On the March Again

From Rushville, north on state Route No. 3 today is a delightful trip. One cannot be certain of the line of march of those 2,000 volunteers we are following, who were to be sworn into the federal service, for it never has been marked out carefully.

It is known they went to Oquawka, county seat of Henderson county, and thence along the great Indian trail to almost the mouth of the Rock river, and from there northeast, the line is pretty well established.

So on this tour, one may safely take the route No. 3 to Macomb, another city that has its roots in the Military Tract days.

Route No. 3, by the way, is a great throughfare. It runs from Chester, an old river town clinging to the bluffs of the Mississippi only five miles from Kaskaskia—north to Morrison, not far from Clinton, Ia., where it connects with No. 6 into Chicago, and indirectly with No. 2, that runs from the Wisconsin state line to the southernmost tip of the state at Cairo.

From Macomb follow the markers straight around the public square, then back a block, and again the motor sings on the northward journey to Monmouth, 32 miles away, on the way to Oquawka, where we will intercept the army of Gov. Reynolds on its way to camp on the banks of the Henderson river.

Just before reaching Monmouth, is the junction with No. 8, which crosses the state from Burlington, Ia., through Peoria, to the Indiana state line east of Watseka, 100 miles directly south of Chicago.

To reach Oquawka, turn left on No. 8 and have a wonderful drive of twenty miles straight west until you reach a sign, “One mile to Gladstone.” Turn right, through Gladstone, keep on the gravelled road and you will land in Oquawka.

Oquawka—The Boom Town

When our army of Illinois volunteers, 2,000 strong, left Beardstown, April 27, 1832, for “Yellow Banks,” Gov. John Reynolds sent Col. Enoch March to St. Louis to arrange for supplies from the federal headquarters.

These supplies were to meet the Reynolds army, at “Yellow Banks,” a trading post on the Mississippi, more than 100 miles northwest of Beardstown. We know the army marched northward from the camp north of Rushville on April 28.

The troops reached the Henderson river, south of Oquawka, May 3, so it took them six days to reach their destination, where they waited until May 7 for the supplies, and to get started for the Rock River.

"Yellow Banks" was the white man's translation of the Indians name Oquawka. Today the town is Oquawka because it once had a great land boom comparable to some of the speculative booms in our own day in Florida. Gov. Joseph Duncan is the man who named it. Duncan had been with the army of 700 that marched to the Rock River in 1831, and had been elected to congress when the second march was made, in which Lincoln took part.

Today, Oquawka, under the drowsy summer shade of its giant old elms, offers a picture well worth the time needed to make the automobile drive to it, and certainly should not be left out of any tour that brings one into this section of Illinois.

Atop the ridge that runs along the river is the old court house, which was begun in 1840—only eight years after our army camped there. Georgian in its general architecture, it has a tower in front, like a church and in that tower is a bell—like a church.

It is the only place left in Illinois where the bell announces the opening of court when Judge Gordon, himself a historian of the early days of Henderson county, mounts the bench and opens court where Stephen A. Douglas sat when Abraham Lincoln was practicing law before the bar of the court.

At the foot of the main street is the old ferry to Iowa. There is current in the mighty Mississippi here—swift current, because it is far enough north of the great 300,000 horse power dam at Keokuk that has widened the river to the proportions of a great lake.

Dotting the busily hurrying river are islands—big islands that are wooded with old timber, and in the fall, there is great duck shooting in these parts.

Along the hard roads, and especially after one has turned north through Gladstone, one frequently hears the flirting call of "Bo-o-o-b White"

Oquawka's First Cabin

A Dr. Galland built the first cabin in Oquawka. Then S. S. Phelps came over from Lewistown, and opened a trading post. He discovered that the Indians would trade their most valuable furs for highly colored prints—they hankered after that sort of art more than they did pipes, clay beads, and tobacco.

When the war scare of 1832 came along, they built a block house. Other settlers came, and after Joseph Duncan had been nominated for governor, he offered Phelps and his brother \$50,000 for a quarter interest in this wonderful town site. It was an important port for the

steamboats that had begun to ply more and more frequently up and down the broad timber fringed river. It was in 1836 the town site was surveyed. With its hills, wooded lots, springs, and natural river port, and a beach of yellow sand three miles long, just north of the town, it was regarded as a bonanza real estate speculation.

That year, the town was advertised as far east as New York city, and that mellow voiced auctioneer, Maj. Hart Fellows, of Rushville, was called upon to sell the lots, at auction on July 4.

Gov. Duncan was insistent upon sharing in the great prosperity and he offered the Phelps brothers \$100,000 for their interest in the town. But they were canny traders, and would not sell. Maj. Fellows sold lots in those groves of Oaks and Elms for sums that mounted into the thousands of dollars. Most of them today are parts of farms.

Now the great river chuckles busily by, swinging around the city's bathing beach and the islands that make one wonder if one of them might not have been where Huck Finn and "Nigger Jim" hid in the cave when "The thunder sounded like an empty barrel rolling down a hundred steps."

From Oquawka to Monmouth, one travels over a new hard road and then on to Aledo, where again we get close to the line of march of that army of 1832, which made the fifty mile hike from Oquawka to almost the mouth of the Rock River in one day, on that May 7, after Col. Enoch C. March had brought the necessary supplies.

Four miles northwest of Aledo, the county seat of Mercer county, and a beautiful old town, is a bridge known as the "Downey" bridge, across the Edwards river. A hundred yards west of the bridge is the spot the old settlers have pointed out as the "Army ford." There the troops crossed the Edwards, in which the water was high from the spring rains. Then comes "Camp Creek" so-called because this army of ours made noon camp on the banks of the creek.

One does not learn until after research that the 1832 line of march was over a well known Indian trail.

So now we have the answer to why that army marched from Beardstown to Oquawka! It was to reach a direct route to the mouth of the Rock.

The Mississippi river flows west past Rock Island and continues straight west to Muscatine. There it turns south, and as it passes Oquawka, it is flowing almost south east. Thus it makes two legs of a triangle in its trip from Rock Island down. The Indians drew the hypotenuse of that triangle with their direct trail from the Rock river to Oquawka. It had been used for generations, and in places, was more than ten feet wide—having been widened as old trails would become ruts too deep to travel.

As we come north, we enter a little town known as Taylor Ridge. That old Indian trail went through Taylor Ridge, but where the concrete swings east, the Indians kept their straight line, over hill and dale.



MISSISSIPPI TRAIL—BLACK HAWK STATE PARK



WATCH TOWER INN—BLACK HAWK STATE PARK

Following the concrete, we reach the little town of Milan, once known as Stephenson, and across the Rock's three branches, and the old Hennepin canal, we see the towering, wooded hills of Black Hawk's "Watch Tower."

In the center of Milan, a concrete road turns south—the main business street. Follow it south, until it ends where a gravel road crosses it. Turn right on the gravel road, drive a mile, and just after you cross a little culvert, stop. For you are at Chaney's lane. There are no markers—yet—but across Chaney's lane, and to your right, on the smooth lands, is where the army of Illinois went into camp on the night of May 7, 1832, after a march of fifty miles since breakfast. With them was Capt. Abraham Lincoln, of course, and there he stayed until May 10.

Gen. Henry Atkinson was in command of the federal troops, and it was here that Lincoln and the others were sworn into federal service. It was only because he was on furlough that Lt. Jefferson Davis did not swear Lincoln into service of the government that he afterward opposed,—when both were presidents—one of the United States, and the other of the Confederate States.

There, in the distance through those wooded ridges, one may see a gap in the hills. That is Turkey Hollow hill, and through that Turkey Hollow gap our army had marched to the camps some two and a half miles from the "Mouth of the Rock." It was too swampy to camp near the mouth of the river.

There was much hilarity that night among "Capt. A. Lincoln's company of the 4th regiment of Mounted Volunteers of the Brigade commanded by Brig. Gen. Samuel Whiteside."

A stump tailed red cow had wandered into camp—let us hope it was not kidnapped into camp. The soldiers stripped her of her milk. Then some New Salem private had an idea. From the commissary's abattoir he procured a red cow tail, which he tied to the stump of the captive cow. When a regular army officer came along, he asked if the volunteers had seen a "red, stump tailed cow?"

"We have a red cow, but it has a long tail." was the reply, and the "regular," observing the animal from a distance, decided it was not his outfit's cow and the Lincoln company had milk another day.

It must be a true story, for Lincoln told it.

Black Hawk State Park

"Site of Saukenuk. Sac Indian village burned by Col. John Montgomery July, 1780. Westernmost battle of the Revolution."

That is the legend on a marker just before you reach the entrance to Black Hawk state park, coming from the south on No. 3. It is at

the acute angled junction of 9th and 12th sts. in Searstown—named from an early Moline family. When we visited the park, the site of the Lincoln camp was pointed out to us by David Sears, who was ninety years old then, but clear eyed, and mentally alert, despite his age.

After we pass that marker of the westernmost battle in the Revolution that George Washington won—did you realize Illinois was the site of that struggle?—we approach the bridge and power plant that turns the Rock river current into light.

“Just over there, by that railroad switch track, was the site of the Sac council house, which was to the Indians, what our White House is to us,” Mr. Sears told us.

Then into the great state park and up to the high point that juts out like a bastion toward the juncture of the Rock and the Mississippi—which by the way is an entrancing view from an airship.

From this eminence one observes the huge oaks and elms. Behind the cottage built almost on the brow of the hill, Black Hawk’s two children were buried between two trees he planted, and which now are giants. This was the burial ground of the village, most of which was below the hill, which is not yet part of the park.

Then back to the “Watch Tower”—a cleared space of ground, some 200 feet above the Rock river, split by islands into three streams—one of the islands still is known as Vandruff’s Island and may become a Rock Island forest preserve—where one may see for miles over this beautiful valley.

“The tower to which my name has been applied,” said Black Hawk, in his autobiography, “was a favorite resort, and was frequently visited by me alone, when I could sit and smoke my pipe and look with wonder and pleasure at the grand scenes that were presented by the sun’s rays, even across the mighty water.”

“Our village was situated on the north side of Rock river, at the foot of our rapids. On front, a prairie extended to the Mississippi, and in the rear, a continued bluff gently ascended from the prairie. On its highest peak, (that’s a mistake by fifteen feet) our “Watch Tower” was situated, from which we had a fine view for many miles up and down Rock river, and in every direction. On the side of this bluff, we had our corn fields, extending about two miles up, parallel with the larger river, where they adjoined those of the Foxes, whose village was on the same stream, opposite the lower end of the Rock Island. We had 800 acres in cultivation, including what we had on the islands in Rock river.”

“Several fine springs poured out from the bluffs nearby. The rapids of Rock river furnished us with an abundance of excellent fish, and the land being very fertile, never failed to produce good crops of corn, beans, pumpkins and squashes. We always had plenty; our child-

ren never cried from hunger. Here our village had stood for more than 100 years during all of which time we were the undisputed possessors of the Mississippi valley from the Wisconsin to the Portage des Sioux, near the mouth of the Missouri, being about 700 miles in length."

That description cannot be improved upon today. Is it any wonder they fought to keep it?

But let us not forget our army encamped on the bottoms we can see from the watch tower.

Through the Rock River Valley After Black Hawk

There is no record as to the sort of day May 10, 1832 was, but it is a pretty safe bet that after the cold, wet spring, it was nice weather in that valley of Rock river, where it debouches into the Mississippi.

And that was the day that our army started after Black Hawk. Gen. Edward P. Gaines had written from Ft. Armstrong, on the foot of Rock Island, that on April 27, he had news that Black Hawk and his band had crossed the Mississippi and were headed up the Rock.

On May 10, two forces started after the rebellious Indian leader. Samuel Whitesides, in whose army was Capt. Abraham Lincoln, and his fourth company of mounted volunteers, went on foot, along the Indian trail to Prophetstown, where lived The Prophet, Winnebago chief who had beguiled Black Hawk into believing stories that his British friends in Canada were sending supplies and men to Milwaukee by boat from Ontario to aid Black Hawk.

Before we start up the river, let us go back to 1814, and the battle of Campbell's Island, now a popular Moline-Rock Island camping ground, the lower end of which is off East Moline.

July 19, 1814, Lt. John Campbell, in command of three barges, preceded up the Mississippi to re-enforce Lt. Shelby, at Prairie du Chien. He stopped at Saukenuk, the Indian town, and was well received. After he left, British express messengers reached Black Hawk, with instructions to permit no Americans to go up the river. Black Hawk and a band cut across country, and saw Campbell's boat blown on to the sand of the island. There was a bitter battle, and ten regular soldiers, four rangers, a woman and a child were killed by the Indians, before the other boats came to their aid.

On August 21, Maj. Zachary Taylor, who was to become president of the United States before Lincoln, went up river to execute reprisals, but the British had sent down three cannon with gunners, and the American force was compelled to retire.

That was near the mouth of the Rock, up which, with the 1832 army, we shall pursue Black Hawk. On the left, above us, are the towering bluffs that now form the state park. Here there were two Indian trails; one on each side of the river. Black Hawk, and probably the pursuing army, took the one on the far side from the park.

Prophetstown was deserted when our troops got there; what was left of the village was burned down. On up the river they went, toward Dixon's ferry, where John Dixon was established, had made friends with most of the Indians, and knew the country.

So up this beautiful river we must go, between high, rocky, rugged bluffs, now through sweet lowlands that are rich as butter, ever winding our way to the Grand Detour in the stream above the present town of Dixon. The trail was old even then. The Indians had used it annually going to and from Amityville, in Ontario, to collect their bounties from the British, allowed them for assisting the British army in the war of 1812.

All original titles to this land came through treaties with the Indians. In 1763, the English ceded everything west of the Mississippi to the French. France ceded all east of the Mississippi to Britain. Britain in turn ceded it to the new United States. Then, came the treaty of 1804, and titles began to go to the whites.

Daniel Webster paid \$50,000 for part of "Rock Island city." Caleb Cushing also was in the syndicate. Daniel Webster paid Abraham Lincoln, then in congress, a fee of \$10 for information about the Illinois land laws. It is local legend that Webster visited the place and found that "Rock Island City" was about where Black Hawk park is now, and not where the city of Rock Island was beginning to grow.

From Rock Island—Moline, the motorist takes a state route No. 3, plainly marked through both cities. At Morrison, twenty-five miles away, turn right and east on No. 6, through Sterling, to Dixon's Ferry, where there is no ferry any more, but which was the center of operations during this war we are studying. It is another pretty drive, with some brick road, built by the counties before concrete was laid.

Dixon—and its Founder

In the early Seventeen-seventies, when it was evident to King George III, after the remarks Patrick Henry had made in Virginia, that there was certain to be trouble in the American colonies, one William Dixon "took the king's shilling" and signed up for a red coat.

He was sent to "The Colonies" and fought, as any loyal soldier would, with his forces. It is not certain whether he went back to England, but it is certain that he married an American girl in New York. They became the parents of children, one of whom was a boy, John, born in 1784, who did not seem so strong, but who was apprenticed to a tailor and learned that trade. In 1820, when he was 36 years old, and succesful, he was told his lungs were not strong—that he might die of tuberculosis. He did not. He lived until July 6. 1876, and died, thus, at the advanced age of 92.

That was John Dixon, who gave his name to the town of Dixon, nearly one hundred miles straight west of Chicago—the town that was the hub of the operations in the Blackhawk war of 1832. The place



LINCOLN MONUMENT AT DIXON

then known as Dixon's Ferry was visited by many notables. As you enter the town from Chicago, two blocks before you get to the bridge across the beautiful Rock river, called with much truth, the "Hudson River of the West," turn left two blocks, and find a brick building housing a drug store and note the bronze tablet.

On this site stood the log cabin of "Father" John Dixon, built in 1830. Here, at different times, were entertained Abraham Lincoln, Zachary Taylor, Jefferson Davis, Albert Sidney Johnston, Oliver Everett, John Demmon (and others) Black Hawk, Chief of the Sacs and Foxes and aide de camp to Tecumseh."

Three future presidents—two of the United States and one of the Confederacy—Taylor, Lincoln and Jeff Davis.

When the original John Dixon left New York, he went to Pittsburgh, and down the river, to Shawneetown, then an important point in Illinois river traffic. He went overland to Springfield and is reputed to have been foreman of the first Sangamon county grand jury. Then he went on to Ft. Clark, now Peoria, and became first circuit court clerk, because it was hard then to find men with education enough for such posts.

Then he went on—to where a half breed Indian named Ogee had a ferry across the river, in the path of the mad rush of adventuresome spirits toward the bonanza lead mines around Galena, which had become an uproarious mining camp of hilarious prosperity. Ogee didn't like to attend to business, and the stern Dixon bought him out, stayed there, and took up land.

The ferry was across the river below the marker on Second street, and just across the river bridge—below the great power dam that has made a lake in front of the park that was given the city by a woman descendant of the poet James Russell Lowell—was the block house used in the war against Black Hawk.

It was to Dixon's ferry the Illinois volunteers rode up the Indian trail. The regular troops, with the volunteers who had no mounts, arrived in May of 1832, in the campaign that ended forever the struggle between the white and red men as to ownership of this beautiful territory.

On the march up the Rock river toward Dixon's ferry the Illinois troops that were to proceed against Black Hawk made little effort to repress their ebullience of spirit. They behaved, as a matter of fact, rather rowdy-like and it became necessary for Col. Zachary Taylor to issue an order that "there shall be no more indiscriminate firing." Apparently the home-spun clad pioneers were venting their desire to shoot Indians or everything they saw.

Capt. Abraham Lincoln, of the 4th mounted volunteers, himself was reprimanded for firing a gun within fifty yards of camp. And again, later, one of Lincoln's men stole whiskey from the company

stores, and distributed it generously among his friends. The result was that Capt. Lincoln was called before Gen. Atkinson and compelled to wear a wooden sword for two days.

The army left its supplies at its camp May 11, supposing that the regulars would have plenty of supplies when they reached Dixon. They lived to regret it, and had not John Dixon given them his livestock, much of which they ate raw and without salt, there would have been a lot of hungry volunteers.

On May 12, Maj. Stillman was ordered to the head of Old Man's creek to suppress the Indians who were reported camped there. The place now is known as Stillman's run, and one must go to Byron, to reach the place, some twenty-five miles by direct march from Dixon. This was one of the important battles of the campaign.

Official reports of it, contained in the tremendous work of Frank E. Stevens, formerly of Dixon, whose "History of the Black Hawk War" is the most comprehensive ever written, agree with Black Hawk's account of it. Black Hawk had gone into camp some eight miles away at the mouth of Kishwaukee creek with Potawattomie leaders, in an effort to get them to join him, but over their "dog feast" found they would not. Runners brought him word that troops were nearby and he thought they were headed by "White Beaver," Gen. Atkinson. He sent three bearers with a flag of truce, with five others to follow and see how they fared.

Maj. Stillman's force of some 275 had just started to make camp. The Indians were arrested by the settler-soldiers, and when they saw the five other Indians, they gave pursuit, killed two of them, and chased the others almost to Black Hawk's camp.

This was in the dusk of May 13. Two of the flag of truce bearers escaped and returned to Black Hawk, who had been willing to give up and retire across the Mississippi. With some 40 braves, they gave battle to the party that had chased them back to camp. The soldiers immediately started their retreat to Old Man's creek. "My warriors could not keep up with them," says Black Hawk in his autobiography. Near the camp, 25 warriors overtook James Dety, whose horse mired in the swamp. He was killed and scalped. Gideon Munson, a scout, was caught, killed and scalped. Many had started on the run for Dixon. Capt. Adams made a stand to cover the retreat, and he and his party were killed. They included the captain, David Creeps, Zadeck Mendinall, Isaac Perkins, James Milton, Tyrus M. Childs, Joseph B. Ferris, Bird V. Ellis, and John Waters.

Indian belts dangled bloody scalps that night as the result of the bravery of this little band. Black Hawk's warriors next day buried their dead, and went on to the camp, where they feasted on the supplies and liquor, knocked the spokes out the wagon wheels and destroyed what they could not use. All night long, the Stillman forces were straggling back.

"We found guns, powder, saddles, saddle bags, whiskey and goods in the camp, which we were glad to get," wrote Black Hawk.

Gov. Reynolds was aghast, and the soldiers who had marched so bravely out to kill Indians suddenly declared they were needed at home to attend their corn crops and demanded they be sent home. Gen. Atkinson and his regulars had not arrived. By candle light, Gov. Reynolds issued another call for 2,000 men to mobilize at Hennepin, on the Illinois, by June 10, and talked the men into remaining in service.

John Dixon's beef cattle were slaughtered on the morning of May 15 and a force sent to Stillman's camp to bury the dead.

"The sight was heart-rending for the soldier-farmers. Many horses had been killed and the dead bodies of their comrades lay scattered about, here and there, their scalps taken, and otherwise mutilated."

By this time there were some 1,300 men at Dixon's ferry, and Gen. Atkinson laid out a real campaign. We will have to return to Dixon to follow this war to its conclusion.

Freeport

It was more than a month after Gen. Henry Atkinson reached Dixon's Ferry, that one of the really important battles of the war with Black Hawk and his warriors took place at Kelleng's Grove, near what now is the town of Kent, ten miles west of Freeport. In Freeport, find Stephenson street, (the main street) and travel out the car lines and you will find the grove, with a monument marking the spot.

This was one of the battles in which Abraham Lincoln almost participated during this war of 1832. He had been mustered out for the second time but was back looking for more war, for he had no job in New Salem and there was no reason he should not continue to be a soldier.

Going back to Dixon's Ferry, we find that after the disaster at Stillman's Run, Gen. Henry Atkinson, in command of the federal troops, reached Dixon's Ferry and Gen. Alexander Posey's brigade was ordered to the territory between the Rock and the Galena rivers. Gen. Milton K. Alexander's brigade was sent to the Plum river and Maj. John Demont had been ordered, June 18, to defend the outpost at Kellogg's Grove. He had a reconnoitering party out when it was the attack against the forces on the Apple river, where Elizabeth is now, on the road to Galena.

Black Hawk himself was in command of the Indians, and he lured the scouting party beyond their lines. Five soldiers were killed, and the entire force pressed back to the log buildings, which were attacked by the Indians who attempted to fire them. Nearly all day long the battle continued and many Indians were killed. Reinforcements reached the Demont troops that evening, but many had been killed, some forty horses killed or run off, before the Indians departed.

Abraham Lincoln, who started as a captain in the war and twice re-enlisted as a private, got there early the next morning, according to his recollection of the battle. Telling of it afterward, he said:

"I helped bury five of the men killed in that massacre. I remember just how those men looked as we rode up the little hill where their camp was. The red light of the morning sun was streaming upon them, as they lay, heads towards us, on the ground. And every man had a round red spot on the top of his head, about as big as a dollar, where the redskins had taken his scalp. It was frightful, but it was grotesque; and the red sunlight seemed to paint everything all over."

A grisly picture that Lincoln, noted for the simplicity of his use of English, paints of that whole affair.

Meantime, there had been the massacre on Indian Creek, north of Ottawa, on June 20, where Rachael and Sylvia Hall, aged 15 and 17, had been kidnapped, after the Indians had advanced upon the home of William Davis, blacksmith. He had incurred the hatred of a party of fifty Pottawattomie Indians, accompanied by three of Black Hawk's braves for damming the creek. Black Hawk later wrote the girls were not harmed but were ransomed for \$2,000 later, after they had been brought to his camp. That must have been a frightful afternoon. The settlers had been warned by Shabbona, for whom a park has been dedicated, and who long lived near Morris, that the settlers were to be attacked.

Here is Black Hawk's version of the story:

"Another party of three Sacs had come in and brought two young white squaws, whom they had given the Winnebagoes to take to the whites. They said they had joined a party of Pottawattomies and went with them as a war party against the settlers of Illinois.

"The leader of this party, a Pottawattomie, had been severely whipped by this settler (Davis) some time before and was anxious to avenge his insult and injury. The Pottawattomies killed the whole family except the two young white squaws, whom the Sacs took on their horses and carried off to save their lives. They brought them to our encampment and a messenger was sent to the Winnebagoes, as they were friendly on both sides, to come and get them and carry them to the whites. If these young men, belonging to my band, had not gone with the Pottawattomies, the two young squaws would have shared the same fate as their friends."

He does not mention the \$2,000 ransom.

The Road from Dixon to Rockford

North out of Dixon, past the court house, on No. 2, to Rockford, is one of the scenic drives in the state. The first great stop is at Grand Detour. It was given the name because the Rock river makes a

grand horseshoe—or detour—at this point. Seen from the air, it looks like a great horseshoe.

Then, after following along the beautiful stream, one comes to Castle Rock, a natural formation. And for the fifty-one miles between Dixon and Rockford, a great city of more than 100,000 where Camp Grant started scores of thousands of boys to war in 1918, one follows the river much of the way. And along the banks are picnic grounds. Some seventeen miles north of Dixon is Lorado Taft's gigantic statue of Black Hawk. It faces toward the mouth of the Rock river and the village of Saukenuk, from which Black Hawk had been evicted by the whites.

But we must go on to Galena. From Rockford, if you have driven from Dixon on No. 2, you may turn west on No. 5. From Chicago, you may go direct to Galena on No. 5.

Or from Dixon, one may have a wonderful drive by taking No. 26 to Polo (from which you may go to the great state pines forest park,) and No. 27 into Mt. Carroll; No. 40 to Stockton, and No. 5 from Stockton. The route reminds one of the Blue Ridge mountain trips.

Elizabeth is the first town of importance you reach in this mountainous drive over roads that are as perfect as sidewalks. Elizabeth was the site of the Apple River fort that was the scene of that battle on June 6, 1832. It was a block house, and the settlers had gone there for protection. Black Hawk and his band had gone to within sight of that old mining camp of Galena, and turned back east.

A word about this Apple River country. There are 10,000 square miles or more there that the glaciers forgot. One of the greatest scenes in the state is the Apple River canyon. To see it, go to Stockton, turn north through old Milville, where the old Kink and Walker stage coaches used to stop on their long trips between Chicago and Galena, to which town all the venturesome spirits of the day were headed as they were headed in '49 to the golcondas of California. Flora not distinct to the country confronts one through those craggy canyons that mark the flat path of the river that is all that is left of the country that the glaciers did not scour down. Stop at Elizabeth, too, and let them tell you of the battle.

White men can not give themselves much credit for the final defeat of Black Hawk at the mouth of the Bad Axe, where Indian squaws and papooses were shot down indiscriminately. To keep this record clear, let it be shown that the party of Indians was massacred, that Black Hawk was captured on Aug. 27, between the mouth of the Bad Axe, half way between the mouth of the Wisconsin and LaCrosse, Wis., that Lieut. Jefferson Davis took him to Jefferson barracks in St. Louis, and that he wrote the story of his life in 1833. It was translated by Antoine LeClaire.



GENERAL GRANT'S HOME

On to Galena

But we must go on to Galena, which looks more like an old eastern mountain town than any town in Illinois. Mounted on more than seven times the seven hills that Rome sat upon, it is amazing to think that the river that is there now was the river from which Capt. U. S. Grant, a hero of the Mexican war, landed from a boat and went to work for Jesse Grant, his father.

Look at the streets. Some of them have been abandoned as paved streets since the days of the automobile, and have had stops put up where horses used to go and where autos cannot go now.

But to get to the town, we traverse wonderful country. The hard roads are wonderful. There are ridges that narrow down to the width of a room, where, on either side one may see for miles over the rugged but tilled countryside. Unless you have driven there, or down around Chester, you would not believe there were such roads in Illinois. But there they are.

Galena and Grant

A bearded, saturnine looking man, alone, carrying a little satchel, was on his way from his home, high on a rocky hill, to the dingy little railroad station in Galena, one day in 1861. Unnoted for a time, other citizens saw him, and discussing his future said:

"Some day you will become a candidate for high civic honors."

"Well, some day I'd like to be mayor of Galena, and then maybe I could get a sidewalk built from my house to the depot," he remarked when appraised of their comments.

It was U. S. Grant, on his way to Springfield, and the victory of the great war between the states, and the presidency of the reunited Union, who on that spring day was going away to war, after he had thought his military career had ended, and that he had settled down in Galena, and the leather business with his father and brothers, for good.

But that news about Ft. Sumpter in April had stirred up Galena, and all the hilly, beautiful Jo Daviess county, and Grant had volunteered his West Point experience to drill rookies all over the beautiful lawns of E. B. Washburne and other prominent citizens in Galena. Elihu Washburne did not even dream then that he would be secretary of state under U. S. Grant, and minister to France.

Grant had declined election as captain of a volunteer regiment but went on to Springfield and the battlefields of the war that ended only with Lee's surrender.

Galena looked then much as it does now.

For years, Indians had crudely mined lead in the giant hills that surrounding the town, where one climbs 206 steps to get to High street,

where Grant lived, and where the high school looks out over a miniature Switzerland.

Early French explorers, in the seventeen hundreds, heard about the lead mines. La Suer, in 1700, named the river "The River of Mines." It also was called "Fevre" river, and in 1820 started the great rush of adventuresome spirits to the land of fabled wealth—the rush that turned the tide from Ft. Crawford, (Prairie du Chien) to western Illinois.

Overland, and by boats, down the Ohio and up the Mississippi, was the great rush. And in all rushes, there were many rough citizens and Galena for a few years had the ear marks of any hard mining camp. Down along the levee, where, two miles and a half up from the Mississippi, the river was the highway of transport, must have been a lively place in those days. It was a real river then—not the sluggish stream it has become after the too-excellent draining of the country.

Today, the Main street looks as it must have looked in the days before U. S. Grant stepped ashore carrying a chair in each hand. Sturdy brick buildings, built four square "to stand forever" are the stores, as well as the homes. Along the river front is little activity now—it was a wider river then. Main street follows the curve of the rocky bluff and one must either climb steps, or go a long way around to get to the next parallel street, and still further to get to High street, to which leads the flight of 206 steps—up which Grant must have walked at least twice a day to the home almost on the highest point.

Quaint—that is the word to describe the charm of the town. It has, through the years of change, preserved a distinctly dignified individuality that is too frequently missing from some of our too-frequently built cities.

It was not until 1826 that the town got its present name. It had grown so fast since 1821, when it was known as "La Point" because Thomas January had occupied a point of land, first called "January's point" and later, by the French, shortened to LaPoint."

It was Dec. 27, that, at a meeting in the tavern, Richard Chandler suggested "Galena", which means sulphite of lead ore.

Francis Bouthillier, Indian trader and interpreter for the British government at Ft. Crawford, started the first ferry across the river. And Bouthillier street is still there. While westward bound pioneers were passing by Chicago, where it was too sandy and swampy ever to amount to anything, Galena grew to be a city of many thousands, with a river full of steamboats discharging freight, and everybody busy. The river was 350 feet wide then and deep enough to permit any Mississippi river steamboat to reach the great mining town.

Lieut. Jefferson Davis, stationed at Ft. Crawford, came there for parties, and Zachary Taylor, President Martin VanBuren, Charles Sumner, Joseph Smith, head of the great city of Nauvoo, the Mormon colony on down the river, and other great figures of note, visited in

Galena. And still standing, and in operation, is the DeSoto hotel, from the balcony of which, in July 1856, Abraham Lincoln spoke to as much of the great crowd that had gathered as could hear him. Grant spent much time there, and it looks now as it did then—still big, roomy, dignified.

They had their scare in 1832 during the Black Hawk war and high on the hill is the block house site, with the underground chambers and passages. Tradition has it that the warriors got as close as Horse-shoe Mound, from which one may see Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois, as well as the Mississippi river, and decided to come no closer. Or maybe it was from the summit of Pilot Knob—a “lookout” point from which the “river” may be viewed for miles.

All of which gives Galena tradition, which public spirited citizens have helped preserve by marking many important spots, and helping retain them as they were. Galena is well worth the visit of an autoist who is interested in the history of his state and country.

The Pines—One of the New State Parks

While you are in this Black Hawk war country, you certainly should not fail to make a visit to The Pines, which is the name for a park that was recently purchased by the state, and which is something well worth the while of any Illinoisan visiting.

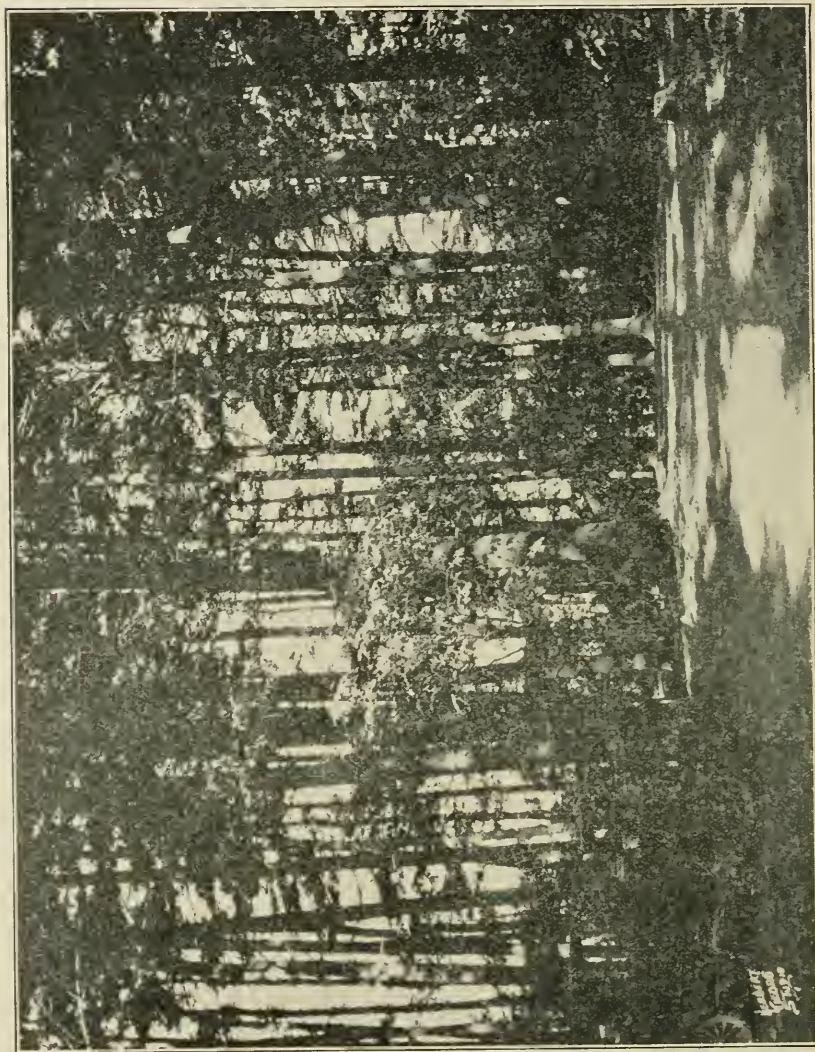
It has become the custom of part of our state to take it for granted that one must go north to find white pine. Ordinarily this is true. But far south of the Wisconsin state line in Illinois is this stand of white pines, some of them giants of the forest, and in a country that is as picturesquely beautiful as any you might find in an auto journey of many, many days.

It is in that antiglacial section of the state, where as we found in the tour of the Apple River country, and to Galena, that there are formations which have convinced the geologists that the glaciers, for some reason, got off their course, and did not succeed in scouring the surrounding country.

And in this country is left this stand of white pine. The great giant pines are in one big cluster, but they are genuine, and are spreading, and in a state park that is really worth visiting.

Crossing the bridge at Dixon, most of the cars turn left at the third corner, to follow No. 6 through Sterling to Clinton Iowa, and on west. But if you stay on the road, straight ahead, in two miles you come to the sign “To Lowell Park.” Turn right there, and continue 11 miles, to a sign which directs you to the pine forest. On the way, it would be well worth your while to turn into Lowell Park. It was given to the city of Dixon by a grand-daughter of Charles Russell Lowell, the poet, in 1859.

This is the shortest route to The Pines. When you come to a hill, slow down, because it will be a long hill, with a wide expanse of valley to view, and a turn to make the bridge.



TYPICAL WHITE PINES AROUND IN WHITE PINE FOREST PARK

The road follows Pine Creek, the stream that traverses the park. After you have travelled the eleven miles and turned right, you soon descend a long hill, and are convinced there is the place to enter. But do not do it. Continue a quarter of a mile to a sign, "Entrance to The Pines State Park," and turn left. Follow the markers. Be sure of your brakes, and follow the winding, twisting road through. It is a one way road, through scrub white pine and other growth, just as nature made it, and wanders about until you wonder where you may land. And then you are in the real pine woods, with the pine needle carpeted ground. Of course, one stops there to view these mast like trees.

Then on, along the same road, down a terrifying hill—which was much worse until a path was blasted through the rock, and down into the valley of Pine Creek, flanked on the far side by beetling, rocky bluffs that overhang the wandering creek that purls over the smooth bed of stone and which, some day, probably will be stocked with trout. In spots the valley widens out to one hundred yards or more, and there, under the trees, one finds camping parties, as much in the woods as in the Canadian northwest.

R. S. Kellogg, of the United States forest service, a few years ago declared that "the growth shows excellent prospects of enlarging itself by natural seeding, in time perhaps over-running the greater part of the tract." Evidently few of the trees are more than 75 years old. He says that a hurried survey shows 30 varieties of trees, including five families of oaks, with basswood and hop trees, besides the white pines."

As we follow the trail out, we find we must ford Pine Creek four times, back to the road upon which we came, through wide valleys that recall Indian days, flanked with tree clad hills that recall mountain coves in the far west, and invite a picnicing and rest.

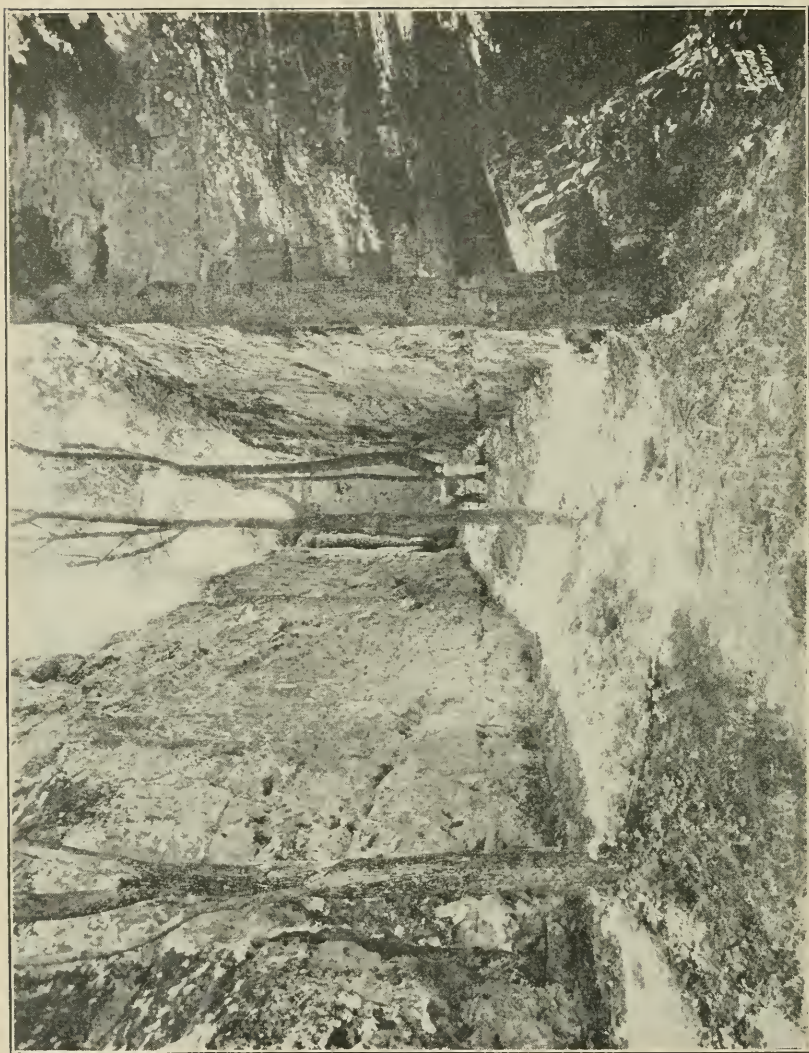
The park is in Ogle county, nine miles west of Oregon, and seven miles east of Polo, both of which are on concrete roads—Oregon on the scenic No. 2 from Dixon to Rockford, and Polo on No. 26 from Dixon to Freeport.

Egypt of Illinois

Did you know that in Egypt, in the Ozark mountain foothills, in Illinois, is the only city in the world wholly built by nature?

Egypt—Ozarks—Illinois?

Yes, the southern part of the state is known as Egypt, with Cairo for a capital, (it is all Egypt below the line that the B. & O. railroad cuts across the state from St. Louis eastward.) And the huge hills down there really are the foothills of the Ozarks, according to the geologists. You certainly will agree they are mountains when you drive through them, and give thanks for the ribbon-like concrete road that swings you round and round the bottling hills, bursting through a gap



CITY STREET—GIANT CITY PARK

to give you a vista of apple and peach blossoms that seem to have engulfed the entire world (if it is spring time) and the glimpse of a road that dips and rises, but ever dips, across valleys that are lost in the haze on the opposite side.

That is Makanda hill. One must go to Makanda to see this great city that nature laid out, and constructed, through some process the geologists are not yet quite sure about.

It is a state park, too. As you view in wonder the unusual formations in this tract of almost 1000 acres, a mile and a half east of Makanda, where rearing waterways have worn caves in the towering rocks, be thankful for its purchase by the state. One must pause to determine which is a stalagnite and which is stalactite.

Huge old trees, waving ferns, beautiful vistas—and a state park.

No tour of the state is complete without an extended visit in this southern Illinois country. To reach it, one must go first to Carbondale, itself an interesting town—very southern in its aspect and customs—and seat of a state teachers' college. Carbondale is on State route No. 2—that highway that bisects the state from north to south—from Beloit, Wisconsin to Cairo, on the Ohio. Try any road going east or west across the state, get to No. 2 and turn south and you cannot miss Carbondale. Stay on it for ten miles more, until you see, on your left, a sign pointing to the little town of Makanda, which gave its name to the huge hill that made trouble for the road engineers, and turn left. A mile and a half further, and you have found "Giant City."

Giant City Park

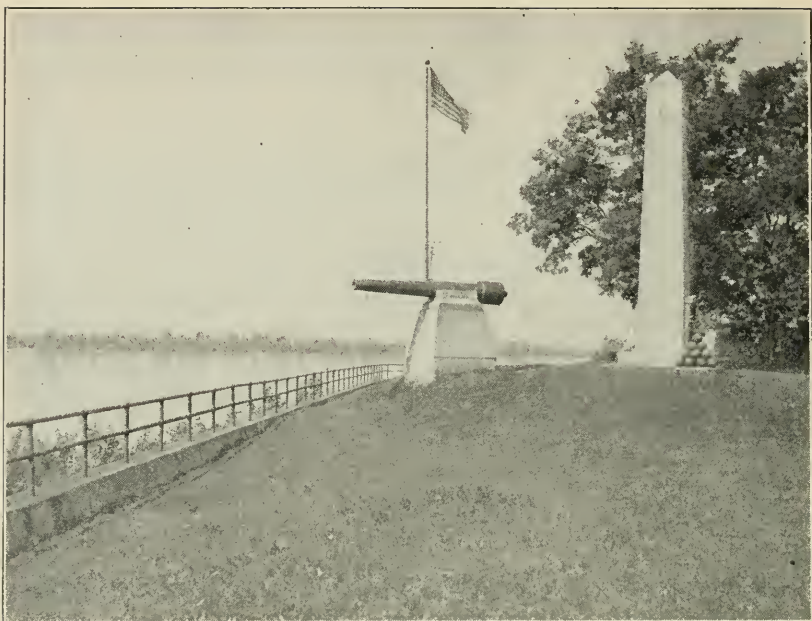
It is not in the postal guides. It has no post office, no residents. It is just a huge rock city, carved out by nature, apparently for giants, and almost encircling the little town of Makanda. The park is on the Union-Jackson county line.

It was named because huge blocks of stone, almost as rectangular as though man had carved them, have been placed in such orderly rows that they have formed streets between them. Many are sixty foot or more in height. Some of the streets run at sharp angles, making hilly climbs for the visitors.

There are hills and vales, dells, sunken gardens of wildflowers, ferns and mosses. "Old Stone Fort" has baffled historians. Its outline is shown by huge fallen stones, evidently part of a wall built across the neck of protruding bluffs more than eighty feet high, and unscalable. Who built it? Nobody has found out. Maybe nature.

Botanists have classified more than twenty-five varieties of ferns in the valley about this fort-like hill.

Then there is Signal Hill, where Col. John Thompson kept the Stars and Stripes flying in the days when his neighbors were more in



FORT MASSAC STATE PARK



FORT MASSAC STATE PARK

sympathy with the Stars and Bars. Purchase of the park was authorized in 1927, so it is new as a state park. "Switzerland" they call it down there. Do not leave without seeing it.

Fort Massac

Ferdinand DeSoto sought the Fountain of Youth. That was the great urge upon the explorer who, far from his castle in Spain, discovered the Mississippi river.

Tradition has it that he contributed to the historic romance of Illinois by first erecting a fortification where Fort Massac now shows ruins of earthworks and the outlines of block houses that may have been there since 1542, only 50 years after Columbus had made his first voyage, discovered Watlings island and thought he had found a short cut to the Indies.

Thus it links up the Spanish, the French and the British ownership of what is now our proud state of Illinois, which also has been part of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Virginia.

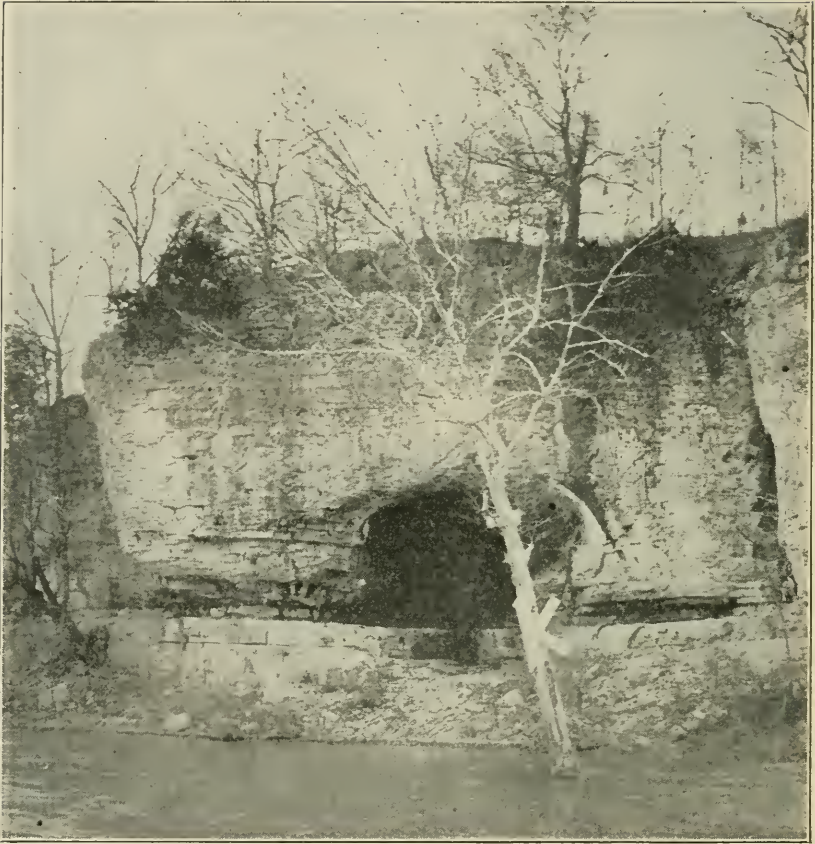
Fort Massac, is down where the majestic Ohio carved her way through the Ozark foothills, twisting her way toward the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. It is on the same parallel of latitude as Richmond, Va., which may give you a different idea of the length of the state.

No visit to "Egypt" would be complete without visiting this park, and calling around Golconda, Elizabethtown—known as "E-town" down there—and Shawneetown, where once the Marquis de LaFayette walked over a carpet of flowers to the old Rawlins House, on his visit to the United States in 1825, when he was on his way to Boston to lay the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill monument.

Aaron Burr had stopped at Ft. Massac 20 years before, on his way to the establishment of the empire that was to have absorbed the American republic.

We do know that the last fort was built by the French in 1757, to prevent the encroachments of the British, Capt. Charles Phillips Aubrey having been sent from New Orleans for that purpose. He went in 1756 to Fort Chartres on the Mississippi, the last place the French flag flew in the west, and left there May 10, 1757 and on Ascension Day that year, reached the site of the fort. It first was named Fort Ascension. Legend has it that a massacre by the Indians during the French occupancy gave it the abbreviated name of Fort Massac. Legend says that a party of hostile Indians appeared on the other bank of the Ohio (it is almost opposite Paducah, Ky.,) garbed in bearskins. Soldiers from the fort crossed the river to get a meat supply, when other Indians fell upon the fort and massacred its occupants.

The French held the place only eight years, and in 1765, it was captured by the British. They, in turn, held it only 13 years, when the



CAVE IN ROCK

intrepid George Rogers Clark, who, with a handful of men, crossed the state from Kaskaskia to Vincennes in the icy water logged country, and took from "the hair buyer," Col. Sir Henry Hamilton, the English Commander of Vincennes, the control of the northwest on Feb. 25, 1779.

"Crossing the drowned lands of the Wabash," a historian has said, "would have stopped any but men of mettle."

There is a monument to Clark who asked congress for recognition and who was voted a sword. He broke it across his knee, remarking "I asked for bread and they gave me a toy." He died, neglected, the year Illinois became a state, 1818, alone in a cabin in Kentucky.

Daughters of the American Revolution were responsible for its purchase as a state park—an area of about 150 acres, with tourist camp facilities. One of the reasons for its acquisition being that President George Washington, in 1794, gave the orders for the rebuilding and strengthening of the place, a natural fort, for the protection of the settlers.

From Giant City and Makanda, one may go back to Carbondale on No. 2; across to Harrisburg on No. 13; and into Metropolis on No. 1, or one may go to Anna—a mile from Jonesboro, where Lincoln debated with Douglas, on to Vienna, and thence to Ft. Massac. From Metropolis one may retrace the route to Harrisburg on concrete and go south on No. 34 to Elizabethtown and Golconda, or east to Shawneetown.

Huge old colonial homes still stand on the great banks of the Ohio in these towns, It is the "Old South."

"Near E-town" is Cave-in-rock a natural sight worth visiting. Across the great reaches of the Ohio from the bluffs may be seen the hills of Kentucky.

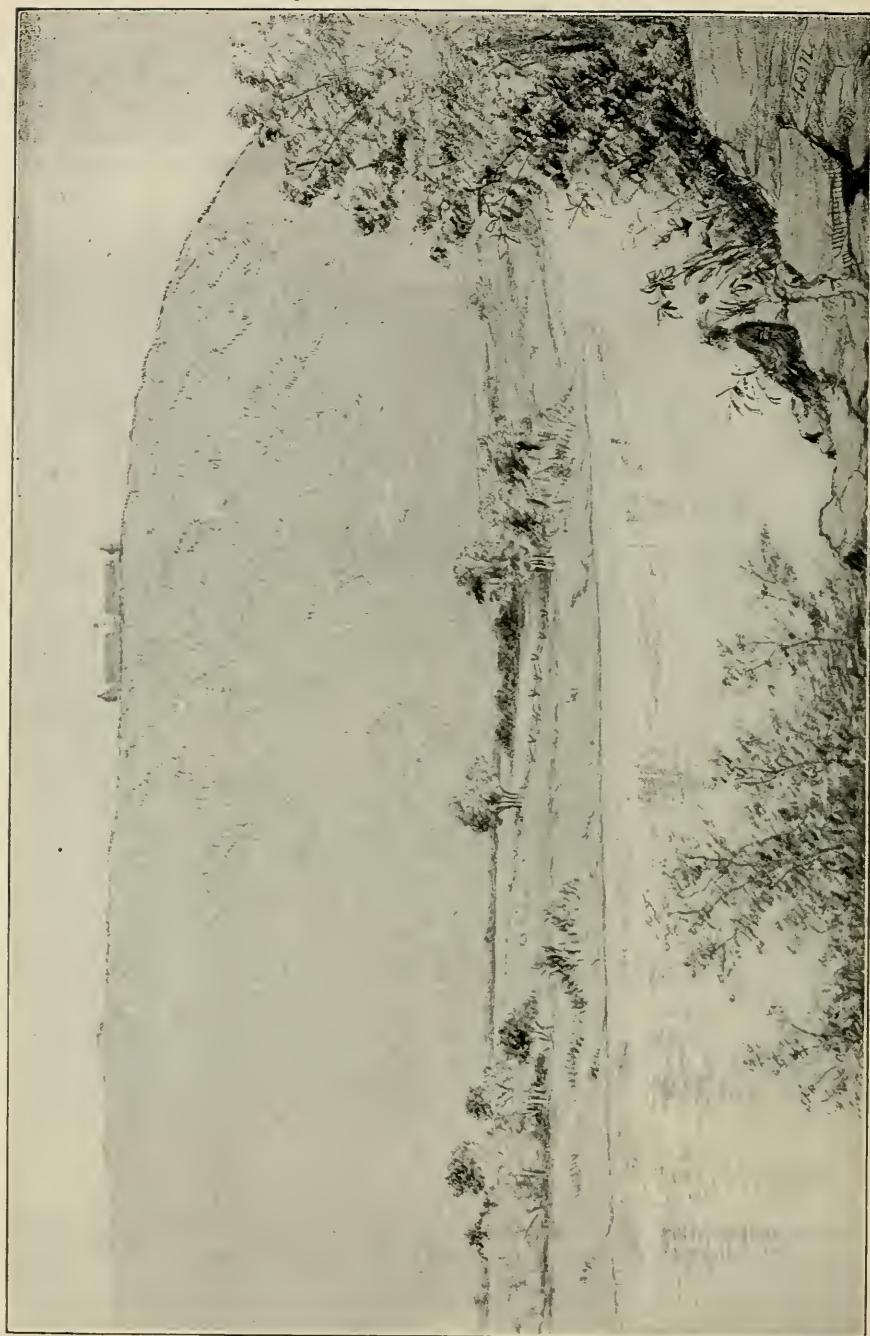
Golconda was the site of the first ferry across the Ohio, providing the old overland route through Belleville to St. Louis long before the days of the railroads. Six miles away is Hull's landing, where Capt. Nathan Hull landed in 1870. It was the start of the the overland trail to Kaskaskia, the first capitol of the state and once the biggest town west of Pittsburg.

"E-town" you may read about in Dickens, if you like. The folks of that day didn't like it.

Kaskaskia

When George Washington, the Westmoreland county youth from Virginia, marched with Gen. Braddock to the defeat of the British general's forces at Fort Pitt, there was an important settlement on the Mississippi river in what is now Illinois.

It was Kaskaskia, and had been there since 1700, when the Indians from the old town of Kaskaskia, after disastrous warfare with the Iroquois, bitter enemies of the French ever since the Algonquins had



FORT KASKASKIA (FROM AN OLD WOODCUT)

induced Champlin to help them fight the Iroquois at Lake Champlain, left their site across from Starved Rock and went south, with many French neighbors.

It was under the French flag until the treaty of Paris, Sept. 3, 1863, after the daring victory of Gen. Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, in Quebec, had circumscribed the French Sphere in America.

On Oct. 10, 1765, Capt. Sterling, with his 42nd Highlanders, took possession of Fort Chartres, 18 miles north of Kaskaskia, and the flag of the fleur de lys came down, to be replaced by the Union Jack, the flag that the British had adopted in 1707.

That flag flew along the Mississippi until July 4, 1776, when it was struck because of the intrepidity of Lt. Col. George Rogers Clark, of the American forces, backed by the judgement of Gov. Patrick Henry of Virginia, of which state Illinois was to become a county.

Names to conjure with—those.

Today, to reach the site of Kaskaskia, one must go to Chester on the concrete—No. 3. Chester is an old town, but not so ancient as Kaskaskia.

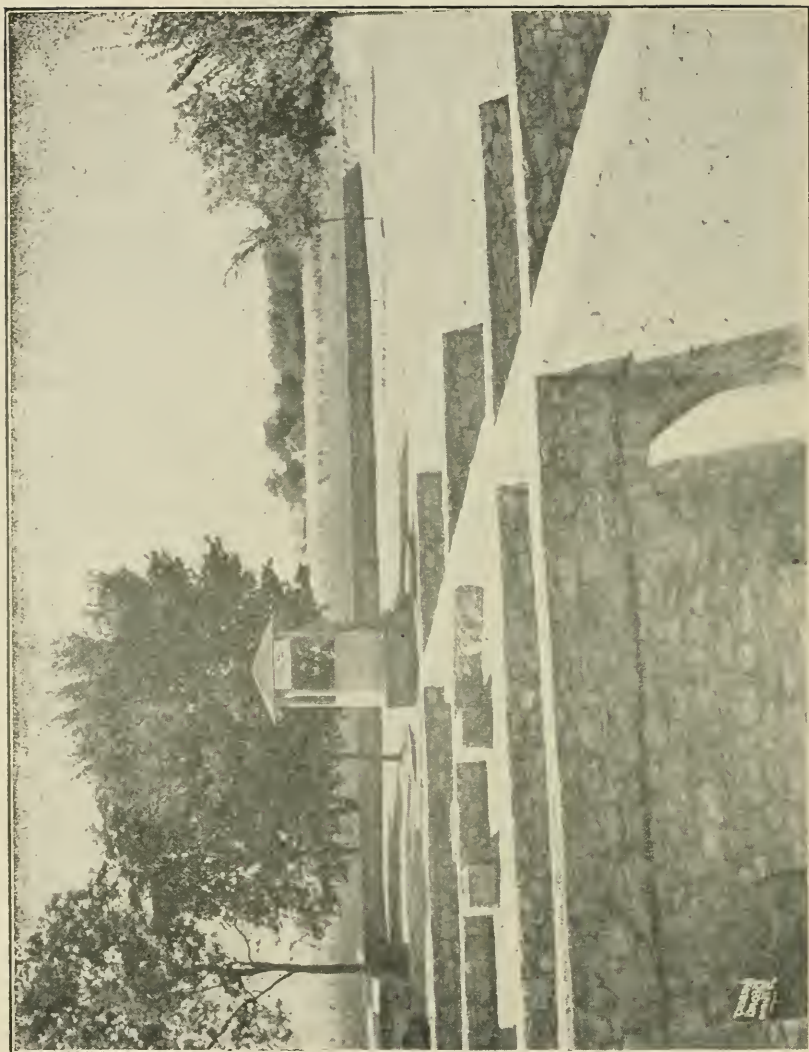
On the hilltop above the town, LaSalle built a fort once. Marquette and Joliet passed the point where the Kaskaskia river flows into the Mississippi. LaFayette visited there afterwards, and in time, it became the capitol of the territory and was the first capitol of the new state of Illinois.

After the British had taken Fort Chartres in 1765 and held it for seven years (we learn more about Ft. Chartres.) and the river swept much of it away, the British commander built in 1772, a new fort on a hill above Kaskaskia, still known as Fort Gage, named for the British commander in Boston, where the "Indians" had their tea party and Paul Revere started on his famous ride after the "one by land and two if by sea" agreement with his co-patriot.

Today, one may see the outlines of the old fort, and also, today, one may ride in comfort to the cemetery atop Garrison Hill, where lie buried the occupants of the old Kaskaskia cemetery that was threatened by the overflowing of the Mississippi.

When the country was taken from the French in 1765, King George III issued a proclamation to his "loving subjects" forbidding them to take title of any of the territory, because he intended to divide the whole country west of the Alleghenies into baronial estates and re-establish the old feudal system.

When, in 1788, George Rogers Clark presented his plan to Gov. Patrick Henry for wresting the northwest country from the British by the capture of Kaskaskia, he pleased the "Give me liberty or give me death" governor. He immediately commissioned Clark a lieutenant colonel. Enlisting 100 or more Kentuckians and others, Clark led his



FORT CHARTRES—SHOWING RESTORED FOUNDATIONS AND OLDEST WELL IN NORTHWEST

army to Ft. Massac and made the journey overland, reaching the town July 4, 1778, two years after the Declaration of Independence. Dividing his force, Clark went into town, which was famous for its "frolics" and watched a big dance in progress.

Discovered finally, he said: "I jest drapped in to tell you you were dancing under the flag of Virginia instid of the flag of England." And not a drop of blood was shed. England lost the northwest, and the United States gained an empire.

Father Gibault, bearing in mind what the British had done to the Acadians, in Canada, next day begged for mercy.

"We ain't savages," said Col. Clark, and the rest of the towns along the river surrendered.

Majestic hills and tremendous timberland, over the tops of which one may look across the valley of the Mississippi, greet one here.

Chester is an old town—half on the river front, where a ferry goes to St. Genevieve, where a parish church bell once was presented as a gift from Louis IV, and the newer town on top of the great knobs that also are part of the Ozarks. Here is located the state hospital for criminal insane and the Chester Penitentiary.

And here are the remnants of old Kaskaskia.

LaFayette visited here. And here is the old home of Col. Pierre Menard, first lieutenant governor of the state, still standing and now the property of the state.

Travel Virginia and try to find a more beautiful example of colonial architecture. Brides' roses bloom beside the doorstep in October in that latitude and the very atmosphere seems to carry romance and historic interest.

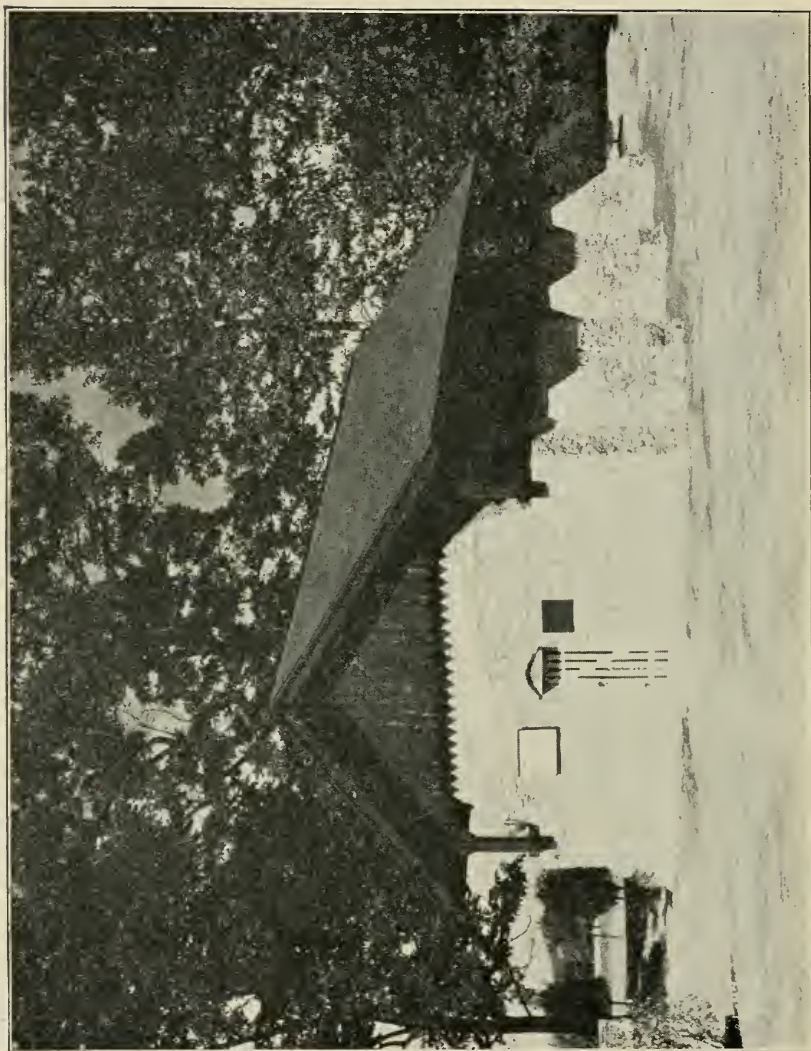
Ft. Chartres and Prairie Du Rocher

Illinois a crown colony of France!

That is hard, in these days, for automobile tourists to believe, but visit Ft. Chartres and the town of Prairie du Rocher, and then quit being an unbeliever.

It was in 1731, after the position had become marked on the early maps of the pioneer cartographers, that Louis XV proclaimed jurisdiction over the territory the fort protected, separated Canada from Louisiana, and designated Illinois as a separate dependency, ruled over by Capt. Pierre D'Artagnette, (doesn't that remind you of Athos, Parthos and Artemus) who later was burned by the Indians.

It is a state park now—for which we should give thanks—and there are enough of the original fortifications to give one a thrill as one wanders around the place. It is about eighteen miles north of Ft. Gage, or old Kaskaskia, and about twenty-three miles north of Chester.



OLD MAGAZINE—FORT CHARTRES PARK

It was the grand king of France—"Le roi du soleil"—Louis XIV, who selected Sieur Anthony Crozat as the logical successor to Sieur de la Salle to develop the Louisiana country, for which La Salle had given his life in the marshes of what is now Louisiana. Dated Sept. 14, 1712, King Louis XIV issued a patent which said, "We have resolved to grant the commerce of the country of Louisiana to Sieur Anthony Crozat, our councillor, secretary of the household, crown, and revenue, to whom we intrust the execution of the project." Crozat was to bear all expenses and run all risks.

The grant was solely one for commerce, to run fifteen years, and not give the right to deed away lands. It was a rich agricultural country, part of it, "The American Bottoms," but the French idea was to get furs and minerals only.

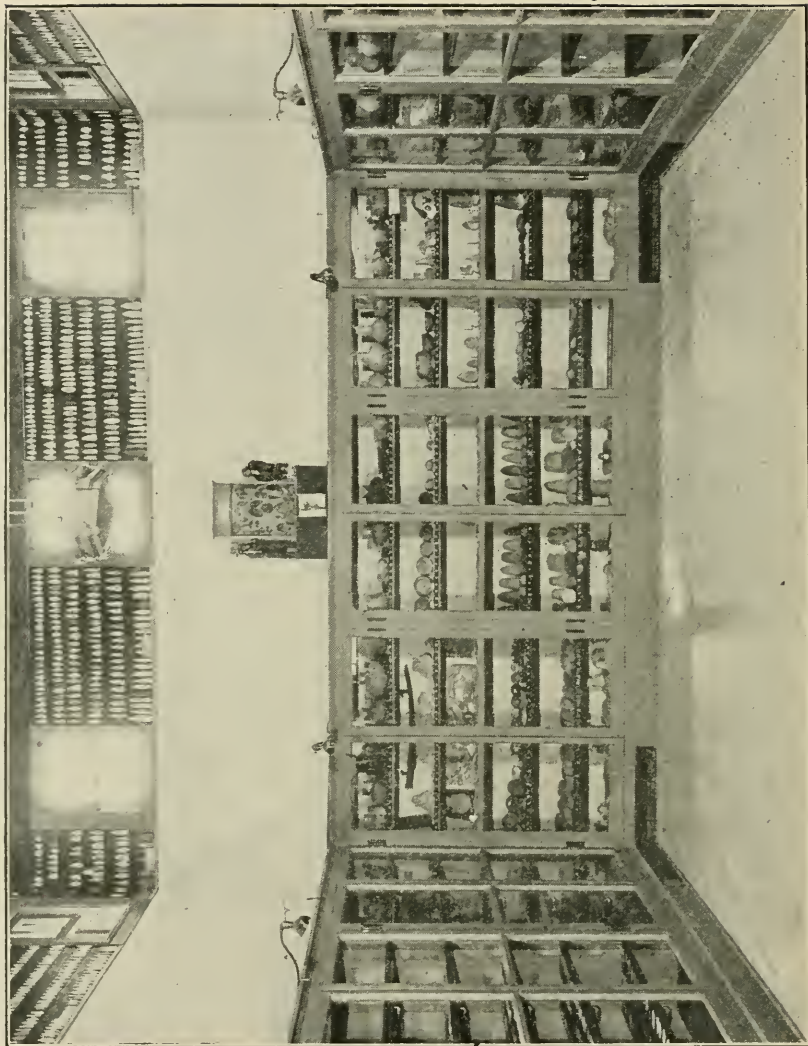
Crozat surrendered his charter in 1717, after five years. Louis XVI, only five years old, had just become King of France, and the Duke of Orleans was the regent of France.

France, with all the great fortification work that Louis XIV had done, was almost bankrupt. Then came John Law, the Scotch visionary, with his plan to pay off the French debt of 3,000,000,000 livres. He organized "The Western Company," which took over Crozat's charter, and sold its stock to the people of France "and public credit seemed restored as by a miracle."

In 1718, three shiploads of emigrants left France and landed near Dauphine Island, in Mobile Bay. Bienville selected a spot and laid out what now is New Orleans.

One of the passengers on these ships that landed in Mobile Bay was Lieut. Dugue de Boisbriassaut, the King's military representative in Louisiana. Late in the fall of 1718, with a detachment of French soldiers, he ascended the Mississippi to Kaskaskia, and set up the French military occupation of Illinois at that old town, where he kept his headquarters for eighteen months. Picking out a site for a fort, he chose the present site of Ft. Chartres and the village of Prairie du Rocher, a site, which, despite criticism of its original location, completely controlled land and water movements up and down the great valley of the Father of Waters.

According to tradition, Crozat already had built a sort of trading post at the place. The new fort cost the equivalent of \$1,000,000, a stupendous sum even in these days, and he named it after the new regent of France, the Duc de Chartres. The walls of the fort were 1,447 feet long, eighteen feet high and two feet thick. Lt. Boisbriassaut dug a trench and placed twenty feet logs on end as close as he could. Within, two feet back he dug a deeper trench, and again placed logs on end like palisades, and filled the space between with earth—a complete fortification against the Indians.



INDIAN RELICS—CAHOOKIA MOUNDS PARK MUSEUM

Nearby grew the village of New Chartres, or Prairie du Rocher, and among the residents, according to the marriage records of the parish priest, was Capt. Mayon de Villier, a brother of Jumenville de Villier, who was a member of the Virginia troops commanded by George Washington at Ft. Duquesne, May 28, 1754, and who was killed in an engagement there.

To Ft. Chartres were brought the first negro slaves imported into Illinois—although there had been Indian captive slaves.

Through the influence of John Law, a company was approved by the King of France and Phillipe Francois de Benault was placed at its head. He brought 200 miners—they were all looking for gold and silver and the lead that came from Orleans—and stopped at the Island of St. Domingo and bought 500 Guinea slaves, which he brought up the Mississippi.

John Law's "Mississippi Bubble" burst in 1720, and he was driven from France and all his concessions seized, while the charter of the company was surrendered in 1729 and Louisiana became a royal province, for which Napoleon and Thomas Jefferson later played diplomatic chess.

But it was here that the Flag of France—the fleur de lis—flew last in this country, to be hauled down Oct. 10, 1765, in favor of the Union Jack.

Old reports declare that Ft. Chartres was the best constructed fortification in America. The state of Illinois has restored much of it.

With such romantic background, one is glad to know the state has helped preserve it for us.

Cahokia Mounds

Cahokia, "a great village of the Tamaroas," was there when James Marquette and Louis Joliet made their voyage of discovery down the Mississippi from the mouth of the Wisconsin to Arkansas in 1673.

Nine years later, when Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, with his band of eighteen Indians, ten squaws, and a child, and twenty-three Frenchmen were on their way to the Gulf of Mexico, which they reached early in April of 1682, they halted at that great village.

Coming from Kaskaskia (Chester), Fort Chartres and Prairie du Rocher on No. 3 we traverse the territory that the early French first saw, took in the name of the King and Canada and fortified.

Going back to Kaskaskia, for a brief visit, one learns that the French settlers were the first to demand independence from British rule.

Thus, in what is now Illinois, came the first Declaration of Independence. In 1770, eight years before the Philadelphia declaration, the residents of the territory of which Kaskaskia was the metropolis, met there.



CAHOKIA MOUND, FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING

On August 24, 1770, the declaration for an autonomous government was made and Daniel Bleuin was commissioned to go to New York to lay their demands before Gen. Gage, the British military ruler. He took with him William Clasen. Of course, the plan was rejected but it makes it easier to understand how Col. George Rogers Clark and his handful of men were able to capture Kaskaskia and Vincennes from British commanders in territories that were populated chiefly by French.

One of the friends of the Americans was Father Pierre Gibault, who gave his time from his arrival in 1786 at Cahokia, Ft. Chartres, and Kaskaskia, to the Americans.

Nor must one overlook St. Aungo de Bellerive, last French commander of Ft. Chartres, who had to pull down the French flag for Col. Sterling when the British finally reached the fort, after having been baffled for nearly three years by Pontiac.

Pontiac's Assassination

Here in Cahokia is where Pontiac finally was assassinated. He was tomahawked to death by a shiftless Kaskaskia Indian, for a barrel of whiskey, offered, it was declared, by a British trader.

Pontiac would not accept the treaty of 1763, under the terms of which France had ceded the country to Britain. He organized several tribes (he was an Ottawa chieftain) and planned to fall upon all the forts and massacre the occupants. Many settlers were killed. However, many tribes deserted Pontiac, and signed a peace treaty. In 1764 Maj. Dofus and 400 men started up the Mississippi from New Orleans to accept the surrender of Fort Chartres.

Pontiac had visited Commandant St. Aungo de Bellerive and asked him to help fight the British but that soldier would have nothing to do with that plan. So Pontiac's braves battled alone, and drove the British back down the river.

In May 1765, Col. George Creghan, came down the Ohio to Shawneetown, to go to Fort Chartres. Pontiac learned of the purpose of the expedition, and on the morning of June 8, 1765, attacked Creghan's forces, and killed or captured most of them, and the invaders had to march back to Detroit via Vincennes. But finally Creghan made a peace treaty with Pontiac, and on October 10, 1765, the lilies of France came down.

Pontiac retired to the woods, but a few years later came to St. Louis to visit de Bellerive, who had retired to that new town. Pontiac heard his braves were across in Cahokia, carousing. He joined them, was assassinated, and buried by de Bellerive in St. Louis, where a tablet now marks the site of the grave.

Monk's Mound

Six miles north of East St. Louis is another wonder-spot that may be reached by No. 3 state road—Monk's Mound.

It is 102 feet high, 1,080 feet long, and 780 feet wide, and was built at least 500 B. C. Some of the Illinois mounds, according to archeologists, antedate the Egyptian pyramids, where recently Prof. Breasted and others dug up the remains of King Tut Ankh-Amen.

This mound has been purchased by the state and archeologists from the University of Illinois are constantly making interesting discoveries. In June, another great mound was discovered near Browning.

To get from Cahokia to Browning, continue north on route No.3 through Beardstown to Frederick. The road from Frederick is a trip of about five miles.

Archeologists are tremendously excited over this new find, which is declared to have yielded evidence of a totally unknown pre-historic race. High cheek bones and other characteristics of Indians are missing and the bodies are wound like mummies in the seventy-nine skeletons discovered to date.

The mounds are on a long ridge overlooking the broad Illinois, almost opposite the mouth of the Sangamon, and not far from Lewistown, on Route 31 out of Rushville. There are mounds, too, in Quincy.

From the top of the Browning mound, looking over the river, one does not wonder that the Indians fought to keep their country.

Nauvoo—Early Capital of the Mormons

Gov. Al Smith of New York, was not the first Smith to become a candidate for president.

Illinois had the first. He was Joseph Smith, head of the Mormon colony of Nauvoo, for which Smith and his followers tried to get from Congress a charter as a territory, independent of the State of Illinois.

It was in 1844 that "Times and Season", the official Mormon paper, carried the announcement at its masthead. Smith was the prophet and absolute ruler of the church that made Nauvoo into a city of 20,000; was the mayor of the town; the justice of the peace, and the lieutenant general of the "Nauvoo Legion." All the while he was under indictment in Missouri for murder, arson, theft and other crimes.

Yet Nauvoo, with political power, had wrung from the Illinois legislature, with the aid of Stephen A. Douglas and Senator Sidney H. Little, of McDonough county, a charter giving them the right to enact such an ordinance as this, which was adopted in 1843:

"It shall be lawful for any officer of the city, with or without process to arrest any person who shall come to arrest Joseph Smith with process growing out of Missouri difficulties; and the person so arrested shall be tried by the municipal court upon testimony; and if found guilty, sentenced to imprisonment in the county prison for life."

Under that charter, June 10, 1844, the council passed an ordinance declaring the "Monitor," a newly founded paper that started exposures

of Mormon practices, a nuisance and ordered it abated. Within an hour, Joseph Smith and his band abated it by burning down the plant. It was only a few days later that Joseph and his brother Hyrum, were shot to death in the jail at Carthage, the county seat.

Presumably, the killing was done by militiamen. Joseph died fighting, having shot three before he leaped from a second story window to be slain on the ground.

It was the not unnatural result of such a defiance of public opinion and existing government.

Nauvoo, according to Smith, meant "Beautiful situation." It is all of that. And the ride from the hard road, No. 9, is one that will linger with you always. On the left, the great Mississippi, dammed by the Keokuk power dam to the size of a great lake. On the right, towering hills of the bluffs, at the foot of which the road skirts the river so closely in places that there is not even a line of weeds between the car and the river. Then up winding roads, through almost primitive woods. Rabbits scurry ahead of you; quails call, and doves are plentiful.

Suddenly, what once was a ravine is an inlet, bridged narrowly, with the road apparently headed directly at a craggy stone wall. But it skirts the edge and another beautiful vista is before you.

And then Nauvoo, its terraced hills covered with grape vines—most of the old town below—the newer part, on top of the hill, where sat the great temple, "The House of the Lord built by the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints. Holiness to the Lord."

For just one day was that temple, with its spires 165 feet, in the air; with its thirty pilasters, with weird, pagan carved caps that cost \$3,000 each, completely furnished with the paraphernalia of worship.

A prophecy had declared the Mormons could not move until it was completed and furnished. Most of them had gone, but the saints were left to fulfill the prophecy. One day the furnishings stayed; then they were packed up to join the creaking wagon trains, with some 12,000 emigrants, who had crossed the river on the ice in the winter, headed west after their bitter battles and defeats at the hands of the "gentiles", among whom they had attempted to set up a new government as well as religion.

The story of Nauvoo is one of the most romantic and strange in the history of Illinois. When Joseph and Hyrum Smith were shot on that summer afternoon in Carthage—the jail is now a home—there came a break in the affairs of the church. Smith was only thirty-nine years old, yet he had spread his religion all over the world—and had become a power which both Whigs and Democrats courted politically, and stirred up a whole nation.

After the shooting, it was feared that stories of plural marriages, barn burning and thefts, might cause the "gentiles" to make trouble,



STARVED ROCK

so with military and churchly pomp, caskets filled with sand, were buried. It was not until 1928 that the real graves were found, and the bodies of Joseph, his wife Emma, who was two years older than Joseph, and Hyrum, were reinterred under a monument on a rise overlooking the broad Mississippi, fifty yards from its bank. Across the road is Nauvoo house; nearby Joseph Smith's "mansion house," and back beyond are wonderfully built brick houses and stores that were put up to last. One was a Masonic temple; another the home of Brigham Young, who took the power of the church from Joseph's son, William, by claiming he was the St. Peter of the apostles, and headed the trek to Salt Lake City.

That was one of the greatest feats in history—getting that band through a hostile country.

Nauvoo is well worth a visit. Had it grown, its main street would have both ends in the river, which curves majestically around the town. At one end of the main street is the Nauvoo house and near it are the remains of a stone house that was the first in Hancock county, and where the first court was held.

Do not miss Nauvoo, which first was Venus, and later Commerce, before it became Nauvoo.

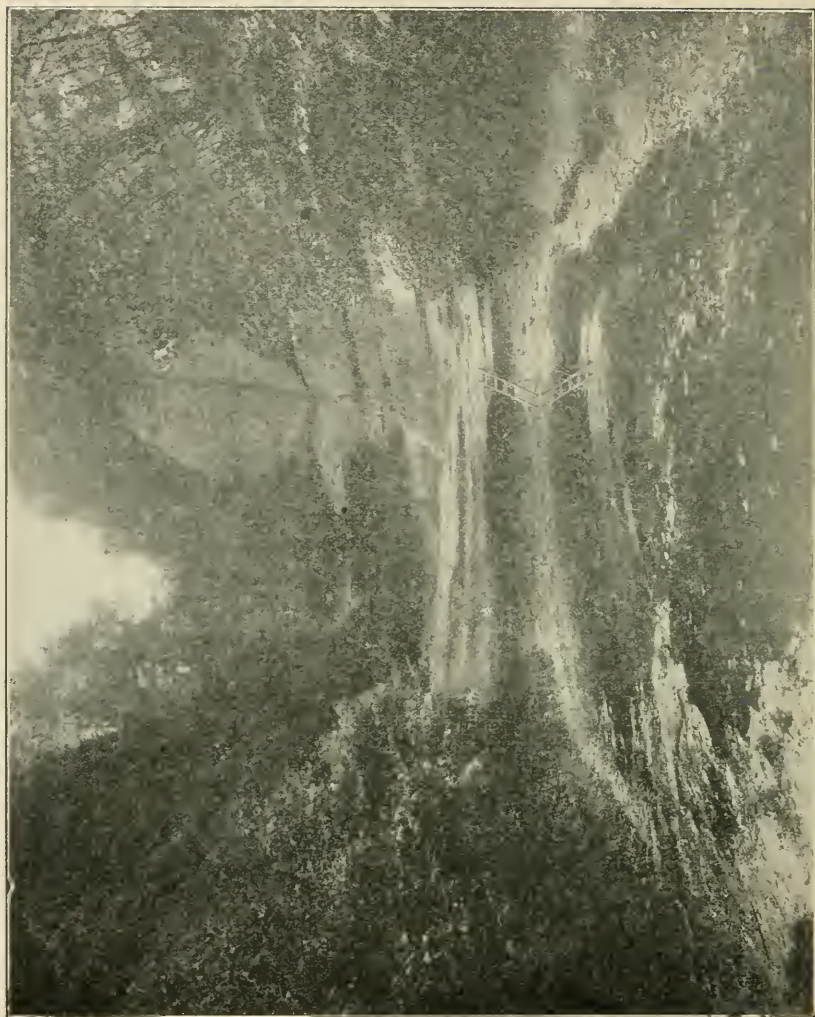
The Illinois

In 1687, M. Joutel, one of the survivors of the massacre of LaSalle in Louisiana, reached Ft. St. Louis, on what Illinois knows as Starved Rock, with Abee Jean Cavalier, elder brother of LaSalle, and wrote concerning the country; "It may truly be affirmed that the country of the Illinois enjoys all that can make it accomplished, not only as to ornament, but also for its plentiful production of all things requisite to support human life."

Henri de Tonti, who, with LaSalle, built the fort, said of its location; "The river, the islands, the falls, the alternation of groves and prairies, gives great variety and beauty to the outlook from the many elevations that abound the Illinois."

But if we would begin at the beginning, we must start at Piasa Bluffs, at the mouth of the beautiful Illinois, for that was the first glimpse white men's eyes ever had of it.

That was in the spring of 1672, and the men were Louis Joliet, a native of New France, and a trader, and Fr. James Marquette, a native born Frenchman, who were on their way to see if the Mississippi river flowed into the Gulf of Mexico behind Virginia, or into the Gulf of California. The bluffs are so named because the mountainous bluff rock formation has the appearance of having painted upon it the piasa bird—an Indian equivalent for St. George's dragon, and the Indian to the wall of stone, and ultimately slain as every Indian who went past in a canoe shot arrows into it.



HORSESHOE CANYON—STARVED ROCK PARK

New France had a new governor in 1672—Frontenac, and he approved a plan to explore the great river the Indians had told about, picking Louis Joliet to do it. Fr. Claude J. Dablon, head of the western Jesuit missions, knew a young French born priest at St. Ignace, where Lake Michigan becomes Mackinac straits, who had been learning Indian languages so he might make such a trip. The two went to Green Bay, down the Fox River, portaged five miles to the Wisconsin, down the Mississippi far enough to determine if it emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, and reached the mouth of the Illinois on their return, in July, 1672. Here they accepted the word of the Indians that they could make a shorter trip that way. Thus the first trip of white men on the Illinois was UP-river. They were entranced with the scenery and when they got to the village of the Kaskaskias, about opposite Starved Rock, they stopped, and Father Marquette promised them he would return and open a mission.

From the mouth to far this side of Starved Rock, the trip is one of continued surprises and beauties. In its lower reaches are towering hills, widening reaches and swamp lands that make it the paradise of duck hunters in the fall, and there still is bigger game in the swamp lands that have not been drained away to make expensive cornland.

After the advent of the steamboat, it was a great highway of commerce, and bids fair to become so again when the lakes-to-the-gulf waterway is developed. Below Canton is the old town of Liverpool, much deserted now, but once a great shipping point.

One still may board steamers from LaSalle for the trip down the river past Peoria to Grafton, at the mouth, and then down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

It has been an artery of commerce for more than two and a half centuries, for white men, and no one knows for how long for the Indians.

When Joliet and Marquette left the old Kaskaskia, the Indians escorted them to the Chicago portage and insisted that Marquette return. Joliet went on to Quebec, losing his maps en route, while Marquette stopped at the mission at the head of Green Bay (St. Francis Xavier.)

It was not until March 30, 1675, the ice broke enough to permit a start from the cabin in which they had spent the severe winter—where the railroad commerce of Chicago, 200 years later, was to grow. He reached Kaskaskia, April 8. He kept the promise he had made when he prayed he might be permitted to make his exploration trip and erected a mission, "The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin." But he was ill, and wanted to start back immediately. In a few days, he did start, and the Indians again escorted him to the Chicago portage. The travelers, in their canoes, went round the foot of the lake, and he died at about what now is Ludington. In the spring of 1676, a party of Ottawa hunters found the grave, and carried the bones to St.



FRENCH CANYON—STARVED ROCK PARK

Ignace, where they were interred under the St. Ignace chapel he had founded.

But his work enlarged Kaskaskia to a settlement of 8,000—and he, with Joliet, showed the way to all who came afterward, the connecting link between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico.

Sieur De La Salle

Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle. The name itself has a romantic sound. Yet he was the victim of more hard luck, probably, than anybody who ever was such an intrepid explorer and indefatigable worker for his country and his king.

He lost his ship, the Griffin, in which he started to explore the valley of the Illinois, after it had been loaded with furs that would have gone far toward settling the \$112,000 he had raised when he convinced King Louis that by following down the Illinois and Mississippi, which Joliet and Marquette had explored, France could completely surround the English colonies in the New World.

And his ship, the "St. Pierre" also loaded with furs, foundered in the St. Lawrence. He was opposed by the New France official who should have approved his work.

And the climax was reached when he was assassinated by some of the men in his own party when he was trying to discover a way to the Mississippi, after the navigators of his expedition from France to mouth of the Mississippi, either through accident, or design, missed the mouth of the river and landed on Matagorda Bay, in the Gulf of Mexico.

LaSalle, born in Rouen, in France, succeeded as a fur trader in New France. In 1674, he went to France to get the King's backing for the Western expedition that would hem the British to the Atlantic seaboard. In 1678, he went back again, and was aided by the M. Jean Talon, who had authorized the Joliet-Marquette expedition, and the Marquis de Seignelay, son of the new finance minister, Jean Baptiste Colbert, who first had to be convinced.

He was introduced to Henri de Tonti, an Italian friend of the Prince of Conde, and got his concession from the king, giving him the exclusive trade in buffalo hides and the right to make explorations.

Near Buffalo, in the winter of 1678-9, he built the Griffin a 600 ton ship. They sailed to Green Bay, but not without desertions, and at Green Bay, after highly successful fur trading, he went in small boats to the mouth of the St. Joe River, where Benton Harbor now is, reaching there November 1, 1679. He waited for Tonti, who had been sent to round up the deserters, and on December 3, started up the river from Ft. Miami for where South Bend now stands. Across the snow covered portage, into the swamps that eventually make the Kankakee,



COUNCIL CAVE—STARVED ROCK PARK

he went, and thus into the confluence where the Kankakee and the Des-Plaines, at Dresden Heights, make the Illinois river.

He, too, stopped at Kaskaskia—deserted for the fall hunt—and then went down to Lāke Peoria. Indians lied to him and he and Tonti **went to a bluff in what is now Tazewell county, just south and east of the present Peoria, and built Fort Creve Couer—(Broken Heart)—in the middle of January, 1680.**

It was the first fortress in the west, and was a good one. Today, it is a state park.

LaSalle sent from there the expedition of which Father Hennepin was a member, up the Mississippi, beyond the falls the priest named St. Anthony. Because he had no news of the Griffin, LaSalle went back up the river and to Fort Frontenac, at the foot of Lake Ontario. He learned the Griffin was lost. The tale reached Creve Couer, and several men deserted, fearing their employer could never pay. Tonti went up river, got entangled in the war between the Iroquois and Kaskaskias, and went to Mackinac, LaSalle in December, 1680 got back to Creve Couer, to find it deserted. He started on a hunt for Tonti; went to Quebec, and found Tonti and his men in Mackinac.

Imagine such traveling in canoes, as you bowl along over the beautiful concrete that takes you to these spots.

In December 1681, they all got back to the St. Joe river and in January, again returned to Fort Creve Couer.

In April, he found the mouth of the Mississippi and took the country of Louisiana in the name of the king, erecting an emblem made of a copper kettle, with an engraved leaden plate at the foot of pole.

On April 10, they started back, but LaSalle spent forty days in a cabin where Natchez now is, ill with fever. He caught up with Tonti at Creve Couer and they decided to make their "Great Fort" on the 125 foot rock opposite the Indian town of Kaskaskia—now Starved Rock.

Let us follow La Salle's hard luck career in the history of Starved Rock.

Starved Rock

When, in 1683, "The Great Fort," officially designated "Fort St. Louis," built by La Salle and Capt. Tonti, was completed, it was about to be the center of one of the greatest settlements in the continent.

LaSalle wrote to Gov. LaFevre de la Barre that he was **responsible for 4,000 warriors, which meant 20,000 souls.**

"From the heights of the flat topped pillar of rock, he could look—as we may look today from the state park—over a panorama that is hard to excel. Where in LaSalle's day, papooses played, squaws worked



PULPIT ROCK—STARVED ROCK PARK

and dogs barked about the rude huts, is a modern hotel, and beyond, an auto tourist's camp.

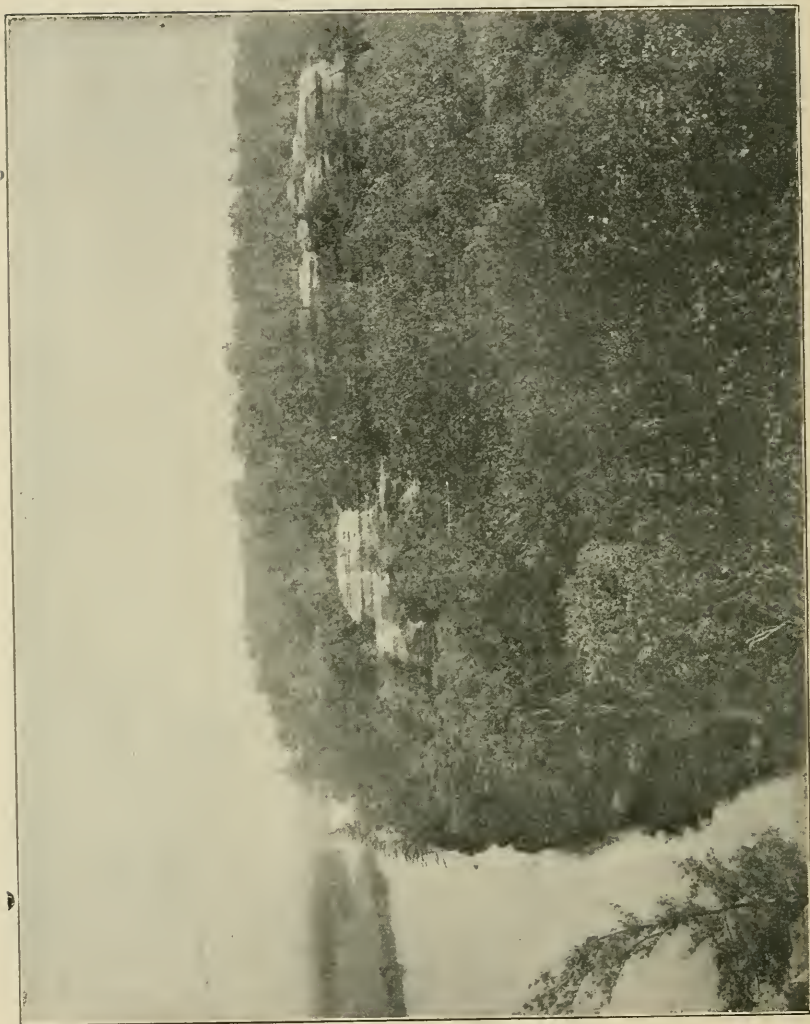
The fort was built along the flat edge of the flat top of rock, accessible by but one path. There was a twenty-two-foot palisade of logs ten inches in diameter. Another palisade fifteen feet high enclosed the other three sides, and a parapet of logs was laid just inside the southern palisade. Within were three cabins, store houses, and a chapel. Here LaSalle must have had his "great moment."

Inaccessible as an eagle's nest, impregnable, his fort stood half way between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico, a tremendous commercial center for him, and a stronghold for his king's hold upon the new world. Tonti "drummed up trade" with the Indians, who began to make the fort the center of the Illinois-Mississippi world, and furs rolled in, in exchange for European goods. But Gov. de la Barre was not his friend, and held up supplies, and sent agents to arrest him, "if it be true that he is setting himself up as a potentate in this empire of his own." So in August, LaSalle, again discouraged, set out. What courage—what fortitude?

He was no more than on his way when Gov. de la Barre sent an agent to compel Tonti to surrender the fort, and Tonti went to Quebec, practically under arrest. He stayed until in 1685, when by order of the King, the fort was restored to Tonti, who returned to command.

Meanwhile, La Salle again had convinced the King of the opportunities that existed in the new world, and an expedition of four ships, one of them a war ship, sailed, with married women and maids aboard, for the mouth of the Mississippi, LaSalle hoping that route could be opened to Starved Rock so he would not have to pass through Canada, the land of his enemies. The expedition sailed from Rochelle in June, 1684, and did not make Matagorda Bay until the spring of 1685. Discouraged at missing the mouth of the Great River the camp existed there until 1687, while Tonti at the fort eagerly awaited word from him. It was in 1687 that LaSalle was assassinated, and when Abbe Jean Cavalier, his elder brother, and a small party reached Ft. St. Louis that fall, after escaping the assassins, he did not reveal to Tonti that LaSalle was dead. They feared for the breakup of the forces if they knew that the leader was dead.

It was not until the fall of 1688 that Tonti learned the news. He started out for the Gulf of Mexico to rescue the survivors, but failed to find them. He returned to the fort to be told that he must leave, but in 1690, the King granted the fort to him and one La Forest, who had been a lieutenant to LaSalle. LaForest went to Chicago to trade in furs, and the fort was ordered abandoned in 1702 and Tonti was ordered to assist D'Iberville, in Louisiana. Meanwhile in 1699, the Kaskaskias, decimated in war, had, with French neighbors, moved to the new Kaskaskia, near where Chester is now.



LOVER'S LEAP TAKEN FROM STARVED ROCK



ICE PILLAR IN ST. LOUIS CANYON—STARVED ROCK PARK

Thus the dream of a great soul was dissipated. But the rock retained importance. In 1722, the Peoria, pursued by the Foxes, saved themselves there. And in 1769, after Pontiac, Ottawa chieftan, had been assassinated in Cahokia, the Ottawas pursued the Kaskaskias and Illini to the rocky fort. The Ottawas besieged them on the rock, where they practically starved to death, and there came the present name of the beautiful state park.

The rock is but one of many beautiful spots in the park, which is approached by a wonderful road, carved through rock, climbing hills, descending into valleys, and splitting woodlands, that remind one of the national parks of the west.

Hard would it be to find a more entrancing spot than the Horseshoe canyon, where gigantic stone steps form waterfalls that end in a wonder-pool; or St. Louis canyon, where the beautiful falls make an ice pillar in the winter; or French canyon, high in the rocks, and Council Cave used by the Indians as a meeting place.

Ages ago, it was under an ocean, probably part of what is now the Gulf of Mexico. The waters receded, erosion brought down sand, and again the sea came up; again receded; again came up after the coal measures, and then the glacial age. They made the beauties of the district. The ancient ancestor of the Illinois river drained off the great waters of Lake Chicago, ancestor of Lake Michigan; as well as the waters of of Lake Erie, Lake Huron and Lake Superior—the waters, but greater in volume then, that now go over the Niagara Falls.

Think of that as you stand atop of Starved Rock, view the huge power dam and lock that makes navigable this stream that once was as mighty as the Mississippi.



LINCOLN AND HI

